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Sarah Maese

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

K. Henry VIII.
K. Lear.
Macbeth.
Timon of Athens.
Titus Andronicus.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch,
J. Tonson, F. Clay, W. Feales,
and R. Wellington.

MDCCXXXIII.

G 4022
v.5

151.363
May, 1873

THE

LIFE

OF

K. HENRY VIIIth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolſey, *his firſt Miniſter and Favourite.*
Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, *the Pope's Legat.*
Capucius, *Ambaſſador from the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth.*
Sir Thomas Audleie, *Lord Keeper after Sir* Tho. More; *and then Lord Chancellor.*
Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Biſhop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwell, *firſt Servant to* Wolſey, *afterwards to the King.*
Griffith, *Gentleman-Uſher to Queen* Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Phyſician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen Catharine, *firſt Wife to King* Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen* Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies moſtly in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; once at *Kimbolton*.

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a ſerious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of ſtate and woe;
Such noble ſcenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We ſhall preſent. Thoſe, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The ſubject will deſerve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Thoſe, that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, (and ſo agree,
The Play may paſs) if they be ſtill and willing,
I'll undertake, may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noiſe of targets; or to ſee a fellow (1)
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our choſen truth with ſuch a ſhow
As fool and fight is, (beſides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an underſtanding friend.
Therefore, for goodneſs ſake, as you are known
The firſt and happieſt hearers of the town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think before ye (2)
The very perſons of our noble ſtory,
As they were living: think, you ſee them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand friends; Then, in a moment ſee
How ſoon this mightineſs meets miſery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll ſay,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

(1) —— *or to ſee a* Fellow
In a long motly Coat,] Alluding to the *Fools* and *Buffoons*, introduc'd for the Generality in the Plays a little before our Author's Time: and of whom he has left us a ſmall Taſte in his own.

(2) —— *Think* ye ſee
The very Perſons of our noble Story,] Why the Rhyme ſhould have been interrupted here, when it was ſo eaſily to be ſupplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the Negligence of the Preſs, or the Tranſcribers: and therefore I have made no Scruple to replace it.

The

The LIFE of K. *HENRY* VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An* Antechamber *in the* Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *at one door: at the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung

In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have [weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: men might ſay,
'Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now marry'd
To one above it ſelf. Each following day
Became the next day's maſter, 'till the laſt
Made former wonders, its. To day the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the *Engliſh*; and to morrow they
Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfiſh pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd, incomparable; and th' enſuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid, they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure. When theſe ſuns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs; that old fabulous ſtory
(Being now ſeen poſſible enough) got credit;
That † *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour, honeſty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal; (3)
To

† *The old romantic legend of* Bevis *of* Southampton.

(3) *Which Action's ſelf was Tongue to.*
Buck. *All was royal.*
To the diſpoſing of it Nought rebell'd;

Order

To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view: The office did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, ſure, that promiſes no element
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends.
For being not propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants; but ſpider like
Out of his ſelf-drawn web;— this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that? (4)

Order gave each Thing View. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function. Who did, &c.]
Thus hitherto theſe Speeches have been regulated: but, I think, miſtakingly. *Buckingham* could not with any Propriety ſay This; for he wanted Information as to the Magnificence, having kept his Chamber with an Ague during the Solemnity. I have therefore ventur'd to ſplit the Speeches, ſo as to give them Probability, from the Perſons ſpeaking; without hazarding the Author's Senſe by this new Regulation.

(4) ——————— *whence has he that,*
If not from hell? the Devil] Thus has this Paſſage be enpointed in all the

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who ſhould attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the moſt part ſuch,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Muſt fetch in him he papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying mannors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?
Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The coſt, that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke
Into a general propheſie, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.

the Editions; but the very Inference, which is made upon it, directs the Stops as I have regulated them; and as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe communicated to Me, they ſhould be.

Aber.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!
Buck. Why all this buſineſs
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous ſafety ;) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge: it's long, and't may be ſaid,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the purſe born before him, certain of the guard, and two ſecretaries with papers ; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s ſurveyor ? ha?
Where's his examination ?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Wol. Is he in perſon ready ?
Secr. Ay, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more ;
And *Buckingham* ſhall leſſen this big look.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him ; therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temp'rance ; that's th'appliance only,
Which your diſeaſe requires.

Buck.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord;
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me, like you: be to your ſelf,
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* fellow's inſolence; or proclaim,
There's diff'rence in no perſons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,
That it do ſinge your ſelf. We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at;
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, waſtes it? be advis'd:
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* Soul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Nor. Say not, treaſonous. [ſtrong
Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as
As ſhore of rock.—— Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief, As

As able to perform't ;) his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' enterview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i'th' rinſing.
Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir.—— This cunning Cardinal
The articles o'th' combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *let it be* —— to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well —— for worthy *Wolſey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treaſon ;) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey* ;) here makes viſitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well —— for, I am ſure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold ; the Emp'ror thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the King know,
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him ; and could wiſh, you were
Something miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſyllable :
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape,
He ſhall appear in proof.

Enter

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure
You ſhall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heav'n be done; and the King's pleaſure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confeſſor, *John de la Car*;
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor. (5)

(5) *One* Gilbert Peck, *his* Counſellour.] So the Old Copies have it, but, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, I, from the Authorities of *Hall* and *Holingſhead*, chang'd it to *Chancellour*. And our Poet himſelf, in the Beginning of the ſecond Act vouches for this Correction.

At which; appear'd againſt him his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck *his* Chancellor ———

Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, has vouchſaf'd to embrace my Correction.

Buck.

Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux.*
Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins?* (6)
Bran. He.
Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. My lord, farewel. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to the* Council-Chamber.

Cornet. *Enter King* Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel; *the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet, on his right ſide.*

King. MY life it ſelf, and the beſt heart of it, [level
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'th
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham*'s in perſon;
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtifie,
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe within, *crying*, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen *uſher'd by the Duke of* Norfolk, *and* Suffolk; *ſhe kneels. The King riſeth from his ſtate, takes her up, kiſſes and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.
King. Ariſe, and take your place by us; half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majeſty.

(6) Michael *Hopkins?*] So all the Old Copies had it; and ſo Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* from them. But here again, by the Help of the Chronicles, I have formerly given the true Reading; which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe adopted in his laſt Edition.

That

That you would love your ſelf, and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am ſollicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To* Wolſey.
(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions; yet the King our maſter
(Whoſe honour heav'n ſhield from ſoil) ev'n he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea ſuch, which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear; for upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in deſp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertains to th' ſtate, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholeſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Sov'raign would have note) they are

Moſt

Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is ſacrifice to th' load; they ſay,
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?
Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubjects grief
Comes through commiſſions, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France.* This makes bold mouths;
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curſes now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to paſs,
That tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed will. I would, your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration, for
There is no primer baſeneſs.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through: we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fiſhes do a veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up

For

For our beſt act: if we ſtand ſtill, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit:
Or ſit ſtate-ſtatues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear:
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe, not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! —— why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
The air will drink the ſap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry ſhire,
Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm ſorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee, when noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,

Almoſt

Almoſt with liſt'ning raviſh'd, could not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his; and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit, you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry't ſo
To make the ſcepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon,
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity:

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the Crown,
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecie of *Nicholas Hopkins.* (7)

(7) *By a vain Prophecy of* Nicholas HENTON] We heard before, from *Brandon*, of one *Nicholas Hopkins*; and now his Name is chang'd into *Henton*; ſo that *Brandon* and the Surveyor ſeem to be in two Stories. There is, however, but one and the ſame Perſon meant, *Hopkins*; as I have reſtor'd it in the Text: nor will it be any Difficulty to account for the other Name, when we come to conſider, that He was a Monk of the Convent, call'd *Henton*, near *Briſtol.* So both *Hall* and *Holingſhead* acquaint

King. What was that *Hopkins?*
Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confeſſor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.
King. How know'ſt thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Roſe*, within the pariſh
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: preſently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the Confeſſion's ſeal (8)
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that, what he ſpoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter; with demure confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper; bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England.*——
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed,

quaint us. And he might, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, be call'd as well *Nicholas* of *Henton*, from the Place; as *Hopkins*, from his Family. I formerly ſet the Text right; and Mr. *Pope* has ſince acceded to my Alteration.

[8] *under the* Commiſſion's *Seal*

He ſolemnly had ſworn,] So all the Editions down from the very Beginning. But, what *Commiſſion*'s Seal? That is a Queſtion, I dare ſay, none of our diligent Editors ever ask'd themſelves. The Text muſt be reſtor'd, as I have corrected it; and honeſt *Holingſhead*, from whom our Author took the Subſtance of this Paſſage, may be call'd in as a Teſtimony.— "The *Duke* in Talk told the *Monk*, that he had done very well "to bind his Chaplain, *John de la Court*, under the Seal of *Confeſſion*, to "keep ſecret ſuch Matter." *Vid.* Life of *Henry* VIII. p. 863.

You

You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul: I ſay, take heed; (9)
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.
King, Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illuſions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell*'s heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, ſo rank? ah ha——
There's miſchief in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Surv. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer*——
King. I remember
Of ſuch a time, he being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' uſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.
King. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?

[9] *And ſpoil your* noble *Soul:*] Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition, I think, firſt ſophiſticated this Paſſage: The oldeſt Copies read, *nobler*. And it ſeems very proper for a pious Queen to ſay, the *Soul* of *any* Perſon was of a *nobler* Regard than the *Life* of the *moſt noble Perſon*.

Queen. God mend all! [ſay'ſt ?
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what
Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife, ——
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute purpoſe.
King. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryal; if he may
Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. IS't poſſible the ſpells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries? (10)
Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I ſee, all the good our *Engliſh*
Have got by the laſt voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are ſhrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly

(10) *Men in to ſuch ſtrange* Myſteries?] What *Myſteries* were theſe? Why, new fantaſtick Court-Faſhions. But to prove it beyond Doubt to be a ſpurious Reading, let us conſider the Nature of thoſe Superſtitions; that the *Metaphors* in the foregoing Line allude to. It was the Opinion of the Common People at that time, that Conjurers, Jugglers &c. with their Spells and Charms could force Men to commit idle fantaſtick Actions; or change their Shapes into ſomething groteſque and ridiculous. This being alluded to here, tis plain, we muſt read in the 2*d* Line;

Men into ſuch ſtrange Mockeries.

a Word, which very well expreſſes the *whimſical* Faſhions here complain'd of. Mr. *Warburton.*

Their very noſes had been counſellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep ſtate ſo. [take it,
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would
(That never ſaw 'em pace before) the ſpavin
And ſpring-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after ſuch a pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they've worn out Chriſtendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell?*

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
To think an *Engliſh* courtier may be wiſe, [Monſieurs
And never ſee the *Louvre*.
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abuſing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wiſdom; clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
Short bolſter'd breeches, and thoſe types of travel;
And underſtand again like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them Phyſick, their Diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
Cham. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies:

A *French* ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going:
For, ſure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honeſt country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r lady,
Held current muſick too.
Cham. Well ſaid, lord *Sands*;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?
Sands. No, my lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your lordſhip is a gueſt too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that ſaid other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, h'as wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine. (11)
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſet here for examples.
Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones: my Barge ſtays;
Your lordſhip ſhall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,

(11) ——— ——— *h'as wherewithal in him*;
Sparing would ſhew &c.] Thus this has hitherto been falſely pointed. The *wherewithal*, intended by Lord *Sands*, was not in the *Cardinal*'s internal Wealth, the Bounty of his Mind; but the Goods of Fortune, his outward Treaſures, large Revenues: which would have aggravated the Sin of Parſimony in him. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe corrected this Paſſage, as I have done.

This

This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I'm your lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* York-houſe.

Hautboys. A ſmall table under a ſtate for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, firſt-good company, good wine, good welcome, (12)
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands *and* Lovell.

O my lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cham. You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford.*
Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet, ere they reſted:
I think, would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.
Sands. I would I were
They ſhould find eaſie penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how eaſie?
Sands. As eaſie, as a down-bed would afford it.

(12) *As*, firſt, *good Company, good Wine*, &c.] As this Paſſage has been all along pointed, Sir *Harry Guilford* is made to include All theſe under the *firſt* Article; and then gives us the Drop as to What ſhould follow. The Poet, I am perſwaded, wrote;

As firſt-good *Company, good Wine, good Welcome*, &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as theſe 3 Things can make You, the beſt Company in the Land, of the beſt Rank, good Wine, &c.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir *Harry*,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay, you muſt not freeze:
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, ſit between theſe ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid, my lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure, (13)
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his ſtate.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

(13) *For my little* Cure,] This Word I have reſtor'd from the firſt *Folio*. Some of the modern Editions read, *Cue*. But Lord *Sands* ſeems to me to proſecute the Idea of *penance*, mention'd by the Lord *Chamberlain*, and humourouſly alluded to the *Cure of Souls*.

Anne.

Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My lord *Sands.*
Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your ladyſhip, and pledge it, madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing ———
Anne. You cannot ſhew me.
Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharged.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Ser. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign Princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the *French* tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*All ariſe, and tables removed.*
You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhowre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King *and others as Maskers, habited like Shepherds; uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

Crave

Crave leave to view theſe ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor houſe grace: for which I pay 'em
A thouſand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleaſures.
[*Chuſe ladies, King and* Anne Bullen.
King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſick. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,
Cham. Your Grace;
Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place than my ſelf, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. [*Whiſper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me ſee then:
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair aſſembly: you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.
Wol. I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.
King. My lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that? [daughter,
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen*'s
(The Viſcount *Rochford,*) one of her Highneſs' women.
King. By heaven, ſhe's a dainty one: ſweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to kiſs you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber;
Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one: ſweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you; let's be merry.
Good my lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to theſe fair ladies, and a meaſure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. Let the muſick knock it.
[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral Doors.

1 GENTLEMAN.

WHITHER away ſo faſt?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God ſave ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham.*
1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm ſorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.*

2 *Gen.* But, pray, how paſs'd it?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accuſations
He pleaded ſtill not guilty; and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his ſurveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his chancellor, and *John Car*
Confeſſor to him, with that devil-Monk,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.

2 *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And ſo his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely;
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: firſt *Kildare*'s attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep, envious, one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly: and o'my conſcience
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham *from his Arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each ſide) accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common People*, &c.

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd Man you ſpeak of.
2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, heav'n bear witneſs,
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premiſes, but Juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in miſchief;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;

Go

Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. — Commend me to his Grace:
And if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs, and he, fill up one monument!
Lov. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee, the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now ſeal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry

Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroak has taken
For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd.
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure, you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell——I've done; and God forgive me.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;

You ſhall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and *Cath'rine?*

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour; and allay thoſe tongues,
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen.* But that Slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was: and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) poſſeſs'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My lord, the horſes your lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, *a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commiſſion and main power took 'em from me, with this reaſon; his maſter would be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the King, which ſtopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.
Suf. No, his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he liſts. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.
Nor. How holily he works in all his buſineſs,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's ſoul, and there ſcatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears, and deſpair, and all theſe for his marriage;
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a divorce; a loſs of Her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the King; and is not this courſe pious? [true,
Cham. Heav'n keep me from ſuch counſel! 'tis moſt
Theſe news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end,
The *French* King's ſiſter. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon

This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his ſlavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all mens honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, ſo I'll ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; ſo I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in.
And with ſome other buſineſs put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuſe me,
The King hath ſent me other-where: beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him:
Health to your lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers the King ſitting and reading penſively.

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I ſay? how dare you thruſt your ſelves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate; in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter

Enter Wolſey, *and* Campeius *the Pope's Legat, with a Commiſſion.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King. — You're welcome,
Moſt learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom; [*To* Cam-
Uſe us, and it; my good lord, have great care [peius.
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would, your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conf'rence.

King. We are buſie; go. [*To* Norf. *and* Suff.

Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to ſpeak of:
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wiſdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,
The tryal juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurſe of Judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, Cardinal *Campeius*;
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;
They've ſent me ſuch a man, I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers loves,
You are ſo noble: to your Highneſs' hand
I tender my commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord

Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their ſervant,
In the impartial judging of this buſineſs.
King. Two equal men: the Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know, your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of leſs place might ask by law;
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the beſt, ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.
King. Come hither, *Gardiner.* [*Walks and whiſpers.*
Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, ſurely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
Ev'n of your ſelf, lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would riſe, he was ſo virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man ſtill: which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.
Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's chriſtian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
King. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The

The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receit of learning, is *Black-Fryers:*
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So ſweet a bedfellow? but, conſcience, conſcience! ——
O, 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *an Antechamber of the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. NOT for that neither —— here's the pang, that pinches.
His Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courſes of the ſun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majeſty and pomp,
The which to leave 's a thouſand-fold more bitter
Than ſweet at firſt t'acquire; after this proceſs,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.
Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce (14)
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſuff'rance panging
As ſoul and body's ſev'ring.

(14) *Yet if that* quarrel,] The Senſe is ſomewhat obſcure, and uncertain, here. Either *quarrel* muſt be underſtood *metaphorically*, to ſignify a ſhaft, a dart; as it is uſed by *Chaucer*; and as, among the *French*, they ſay, *un Quarreau d'arbaleſte*, an Arrow peculiar for the Croſs-bow: or we muſt read, as Mr. *Warburton* has conjectured;

Yet if that quarr'lous *Fortune.* ——

And *Shakeſpeare*, I remember, ſomewhere uſes this Expreſſion —— *as* quarr'lous *as a Weazel.*

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's ſtranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content;
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſie;
You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth ——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How do you talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I my ſelf

Would

Would for *Carnarvanſhire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to know
The ſecret of your conf'rence?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thouſand pounds a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender;
More than my all, is nothing: Nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid to his Highneſs;
Whoſe health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
The King hath of you. —— I've perus'd her well; (15)
Beauty and honour in her are ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*

(15) *I've peruſed her well*:] From the many artful Strokes of Addreſs the Poet has thrown in upon Queen *Elizabeth* and her Mother, it ſhould ſeem, that this Play was written and perform'd in his Royal Miſtreſs's time: if ſo, ſome Lines were added by him in the laſt Scene, after the Acceſſion of her Succeſſor, King *James*.

That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this Isle? — I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd lord.
Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no?
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke!*
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other Obligation? By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Black-Fryers.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Biſhops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rocheſter, *and St.* Aſaph; *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purſe, with the great ſeal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver Croſs; then a gentleman-uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a ſerjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court, in manner of a Conſiſtory: below them, the ſcribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.*

Wol. WHilſt our commiſſion from *Rome* is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides th' authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.

Wol. Be't ſo; proceed.

Scribe. Say, *Henry* King of *England*, come into the Court.

Cryer. Henry King of *England*, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Catharine* Queen of *England*,
Come into the Court.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of *England*, &c.

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks;*]

Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor Woman, and a ſtranger,

Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your count'nance; glad or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your deſire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bleſt
With many children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Againſt your ſacred perſon; in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To th' ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beſeech you, ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whoſe counſel

I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th'land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſettled in the King.
Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal Seſſion do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, madam?
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo; certain,
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet ——
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before;
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs,
You ſpeak not like your ſelf; who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.

I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the Conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole Conſiſt'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is preſent; if't be known to him
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſhood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your ſpeaking;
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;
T'oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
You ſign your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſticks to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual. That again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs;
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t' accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer.

Cryer. *Catharine*, Queen of *England*, come into the
Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back. [Court.
Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience! —— pray you, paſs on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their Courts.
[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*
King. Go thy ways, *Kate*;
That man i'th'world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted;
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried her ſelf tow'rds me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfy'd;) if I
Did broach this buſineſs to your Highneſs, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady, ſpake one the leaſt word,
That might be prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?
King. My lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But

But will you be more juſtify'd? you ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs, never
Deſir'd it to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred
The paſſages made tow'rds it:— On my honour,
I ſpeak my good lord Cardinal to this point; (16)
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By th' biſhop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me, (17)
Yea, with a ſplitting power; and made to tremble

(16) ——————— *on my Honour*
I ſpeak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this Point.]

In all the Editions, excepting Mr. *Rowe*'s, this paſſage has been pointed miſtakingly, as if the *King* were ſpeaking to the *Cardinal:* but This is not the Poet's Intention. The *King*, having firſt addreſs'd to *Wolſey*, breaks off: and declares upon his Honour to the whole Court, that he ſpeaks the *Cardinal*'s Sentiments upon the Point in Queſtion; and clears him from any Attempt, or Wiſh, to ſtir that Buſineſs.

(17) ——————— *This Reſpite ſhook*
The Boſom *of my Conſcience,*] Tho this Reading be Senſe, and therefore I have not ventur'd to diſplace it; yet, I verily believe, the Poet wrote;

The Bottom *of my Conſcience,* ———

My Reaſon is this. *Shakeſpeare* in all his Hiſtorical Plays was a moſt diligent Obſerver of *Hollingſhead*'s Chronicle; and had him always in Eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any Matter from him. Now *Hollingshead*, in the Speech which he has given to King *Henry* upon this Subject, makes him deliver himſelf thus. " Which Words, once conceived with-
" in the ſecret *Bottom* of my *Conſcience*, ingendred ſuch a ſcrupulous
" Doubt, that my Conſcience was incontinently accombred, vex'd, and
" diſquieted." *Vid.* Life of *Henry* 8th p. 907.

The

The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſt in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) ſhould
Do no more Offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt heir o'th' world) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my conſcience, (which
I then did feel full-ſick, and yet not well;)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. Firſt, I began in private
With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,
How under my oppreſſion I did reek, (18)
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd your ſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel, which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.

(18) ——— *my Oppreſſion I did* reel,] This Word firſt got place in Mr. *Rowe's* Edition; all the Old Copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the Text, *reek*; i. e. Sweat under the Burthen, and Agony of my Anxieties.

King.

King. I then mov'd you, (19)
My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons: Unſollicited
I left no rev'rend perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore go on;
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come, with her,
(*Catharine* our Queen) before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this Court to further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive,
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the Court:
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

(19) ——— *I then* mov'd *You*,
My Lord of Canterbury, *and* got your Leave
To make this preſent Summons unſollicited.] Thus all the Impreſſions. But theſe Sagacious Editors have palm'd a ſtrange Piece of Nonſenſe upon us, from a falſe Pointing. What! did the King *move* the Biſhop, nay, and ſo *move* him as to *get his Leave*, and yet could the Summons be ſaid to be *unſollicited?* I have reſcued the Text from ſuch an abſurd Contradiction: and, again, done it upon the Authority of honeſt *Holingſhead.* ——— "I "moved it in Confeſſion to You, my Lord of *Lincoln*, then ghoſtly Father. "And foraſmuch as then you yourſelf were in ſome Doubt, you mov'd me "to ask the Counſel of all theſe my Lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my "Lord of *Canterbury*, firſt to have your *Licence*, in as much as you were "Metropolitan, to put this Matter in Queſtion; and *ſo I did of All you*, "my Lords." *Hollingſhead.* ibid. p. 908.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the* Queen's *Apartments.*

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles:
Sing, and diſperſe 'em, if thou canſt: leave working.

SONG.

ORpheus *with his lute made trees,*
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his muſick, plants and flowers
Ever ſprung, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſick is ſuch art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the Preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They ſhould be good men, their affairs as righteous,
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a houſe-wife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't pleaſe you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner; would, all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em;
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wiſe in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta eſt ergà te mentis integritas, Regina Sereniſſima, ——

Queen. O, good my lord, no *Latin*;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in. [ous:
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpici-
Pray, ſpeak in *Engliſh*; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in *Engliſh.*

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm ſorry my Integrity ſhould breed
(And Service to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.

We

We come not by the way of accuſation
To taint that honour, every good tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you: and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd madam,
My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him; (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace
His ſervice and his counſel. ——

Queen. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you Both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men; pray God, ye prove ſo!
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, (for I feel
The laſt fit of my Greatneſs) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cauſe:
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with thoſe fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any *Engliſh* man dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs' pleaſure,
(Though he be grown ſo deſp'rate to be honeſt,)
And live a ſubject? nay, forſooth, my friends ——
They, that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,

In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would, your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cauſe into the King's protection;
He's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for Both, my ruin:
Is this your chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my lords: is this your comfort?
The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more charity. But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heavn's ſake, leſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer diſtraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all Such falſe profeſſors! Would you have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my lords;
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worſe ——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeak my ſelf,

Since

Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare ſay, without vain-glory;)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him;
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my ſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me ——

Queen. Would I had never trod this *Engliſh* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almoſt, no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was miſtreſs of the field and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honeſt;
You'ld feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it:
We are to ear ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em. (20)

(20) *We are to* cure *ſuch Sorrows, not to* ſow *'em.*] There is no *Antitheſis* in theſe Terms, nor any Conſonance of the *Metaphors*: both which my Emendation reſtores.

We

For goodneſs ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt your ſelf; nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo: you wrong your virtues
With theſe weak womens fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware, you loſe it not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice. [give me,

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and, pray, for-
If I have us'd my ſelf unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit,
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his Majeſty.
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers:
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

We are to ear *ſuch Sorrows, not to* ſowe *'em.* i. e. to weed them up, harrow them out. So our Poet uſes this Word in his *Anth.* and *Cleop.* Act 1.

——————— *O then we bring forth* Weeds,
When our quick Winds lie ſtill; and our Ills, told us,
Is as our earing.

i. e. as, rooting them up. This Word with us may be deriv'd not only from *arare* to *plow*; but the old *Saxon* Word, *Ear,* which ſignified a *Harrow.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Antechamber to the* King's *Apartments.*

Enter Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? when did he regard (21)
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?
Cham. My lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures:
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not,

(21) ——————— *when did he regard*
The Stamp of Nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, this borders upon the abſurd, both in the Expreſſion and Matter: and adviſes to read,
——————*when did he regard*
The Stamp of Nobleneſs in any Man,
Out of't *himſelf?*
This adds a Poinancy, 'tis certain, and Satyrical Reflection to *Suffolk*'s Speech; and accounts, why *Wolſey* ſhould not regard Nobility in another, who had no native pretenſions to it, upon which to value himſelf.

His ſpell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off, in his moſt high diſpleaſure.
Sur. I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. How?
Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs
To ſtay the Judgment o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his phyſick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my lord,
For, I profeſs, you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens!
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:

Marry,

Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left (22)
To ſome ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I perſuade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this letter of the Cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be more waſps, that buz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is ſtol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cauſe o'th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incenſe him;
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns *Cranmer?*

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom; ſhortly, I believe,

(22) *Marry this is but young,*] All the Old Copies read with me,

Marry, this is yet *but young*;

But the modern Editors have expung'd this harmleſs Monoſyllable, *yet*; ſuppoſing, the Verſe would *ſcan* more ſmoothly without it.

Mār rȳ | thīs īs | būt yoūng |

I ſhould not take Notice of ſo trifling a Variation, were it not proper to obſerve, that They herein advance a *falſe Nicety* of Ear againſt the *Licence* of SHAKESPEARE's *Numbers:* nay, indeed, againſt the Licence of all *Engliſh* Verſification, in common with that of other Languages. They do not ſeem to apprehend, that *Mărrў thīs* is in *Scanſion* plainly an *Anapeſt*; and equal to a *Spondee*, or *Foot* of two Syllables. I ſhall take an Opportunity, when I come to *Hamlet*, to ſpeak of the *Pes proceleuſmaticus*, ſo frequent in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and other the beſt *Claſſical* Poets. I'll only add here, that I could produce at leaſt two thouſand of our Poet's Verſes, that would be diſturb'd by this modern, unreaſonable, Chaſtneſs of *Metre*.

His

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

The Cardinal ——

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit* Cromwell.
It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alanson*, [*Aside.*
The *French* King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen!—no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,——
There's more in't than fair visage—— *Bullen!*——
No, we'll no *Bullens!*——speedily, I wish
To hear from *Rome*—the marchioness of *Pembroke!*——

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice! [Knight's daughter!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's Queen!——
This

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes——what though I know her virtuous,
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th' boſome of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King, reading of a ſchedule; and Lovel.

Sur. I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.——

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtrait,
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops again;
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon; in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conſcience put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs and ornaments of houſhold, which
I find at Such proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor.

Nor. It's heavn's will ;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.
King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.
[*He takes his ſeat, whiſpers* Lovel, *who goes to* Wolſey.
Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs ! ——
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit ; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ;
A time, to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i'th' ſtate ; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying !
King. 'Tis well ſaid again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
He ſaid, he did : and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home ;
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.

Wol.

Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*
Sur. The lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no? what ſay you?
Wol. My Soveraign, I confeſs, your royal graces
Showr'd on me daily have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own Ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly anſwer'd:
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; ſo your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of Duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood, Should

Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken;
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you may.
[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolſey; *the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*
Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper:
I fear, the ſtory of his anger—— 'tis ſo——
This paper has undone me—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this— *To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewel;
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſs;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Wolſey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal; who commands you

To

To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my lord of *Winchester*'s,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean, your malice;) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded, ——Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how sleek, and wanton,
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour; from the King; from all,
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd

Abſolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhould'ſt feel
My ſword i'th' life-blood of thee elſe. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, againſt the King; your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen;
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll ſtartle you, (23)
Worſe than the facring bell, when the brown wench
Lay

(23) *Worſe than the* ſcaring Bell,—] This abſurd Reading has only found place in Mr. *Pope*'s two Editions. I have reſtor'd, from all the beſt Copies, *facring* Bell. That Gentleman, ſure, ſhould know, that in

Lay kiſſing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!

Nor. Thoſe articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence ariſe;
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can, bluſh, and cry guilty, Cardinal;
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is to ſee a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want thoſe, than my head; have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legat; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.

in *Roman Catholick* Countries the little Bell, which is rung to give Notice of the *Hoſte* approaching when it is carried in proceſſion, as alſo in other Offices of that Church, is call'd, the *Sacring*, or *Conſecration* Bell; from the *French* Word, *Sacrer*. And CHAUCER, I find, in his *Dream*, has made Uſe of the Word *Sacre*, to ſignify Conſecration, or holy Office.

Which Tent was Church Parochial,
Ordaint was in eſpecial
For the Feſte, and for the Sacre;

The facetious *Rabelais*, Book 2d. ch. 26. particularly mentions the *ſacring* Bell. *Pleuſt à Dieu, que chaſcun de vous euſt deus paires de* Sonnettes de Sacre *au Menton.* I wiſh to God, every one of you had two Couples of *Sacring Bells* dangling at your Chins.

And *ſacring* is frequently mention'd by Writers about our Author's time.

In K. Richard *the Firſt's time, a Fray happen'd, on the Day of his Coronation, againſt the* Jews, *who, contrary to the King's own Proclamation, would needs enter the Church to ſee him* Sacred.

Stow's *Survey of* London.

In the mean time being near to a Church, he heard a little Sacring Bell *ring to the Elevation of a Morrow-Maſs.*

Scot's *Diſcovery of* Witchcraft.

You ſhall ring the Sacring Bell,
Keep your hours, and tell your Knell.

Merry Devil *of* Edmonton.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambaſſador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You ſent a large commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highneſs and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be ſtampt on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*; and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
(Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compaſs of a *Præmunire*)
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatſoever, and to be (24)
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor.

(24) Caſtles, *and whatſoever*,] I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *Chattels* here, as the Author's genuine Word, for this good Reaſon: becauſe, as our Law-books inform us, the Judgment in a Writ of *Præmunire* is, that the Defendant ſhall *be* from thenceforth *out of the King's Protection*; and his *Lands*,

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King ſhall know it; and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* Wolſey.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And when he thinks, good eaſie man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of Princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *ſtanding amaz'd.*

Why how now, *Cromwell?*

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy ſpirit wonder,

Lands and *Tenements*, *Goods* and CHATTELS forfeited to the King; and that his Body ſhall remain in priſon at the King's pleaſure. But becauſe it may be objected, that *Shakeſpeare* had no Acquaintance with the Law-Books, it will be proper to take notice, that this very Deſcription of the *Præmunire* is ſet out by *Holingſhead* in his *Life* of K. *Henry* VIIIth p. 909.

A great man ſhould decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell.*
I know my ſelf now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n. [it.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right uſe of

Wol. I hope, I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T' endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Wol. God bleſs him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden ———
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury.*

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation. [*Cromwell*,

Wol. There was the weight, that pull'd me down. O

The

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the King;
(That ſun, I pray, may never ſet) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman. —
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard: ſay then, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolſey*, that once trod the ways of glory, (25)
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

(25) ——— trod *the* ways *of Glory*,] Mr. *Warburton*, who thinks the *Metaphor* here miſerably mangled, conjectures the Poet wrote;
——— rode *the* Waves *of Glory*.
'Tis certain, the Words, *Sounded*, *Depths*, *Shoals*, *Wreck*, which follow, all countenance this Emendation; and therefore tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, ſtill I think it very worthy of conſideration.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thy ſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts, that hate thee: (26)
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends, thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O *Cromwell*,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in ——
There, take an inventory of all I have;
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

(26) —— —— —— *cheriſh thoſe Hearts that* hate *thee.*] Tho this be an admirable Precept in private Life, and full of the Divinity that firſt inſpired it: yet it was never calculated, nor deſign'd, for the Direction of the Magiſtrate or Publick Miniſter. Nor could this be the Precept of an experienced Stateſman for his Pupil's future Conduct. This would make a good Chriſtian, but a very ill and very unjuſt Stateſman: and we have nothing ſo infamous on Record as the ſuppos'd Advice given to K. *Charles* the 2d, to *cheriſh his Enemies, and be in no pain for his Friends.* I am of Opinion, that our Poet wrote;

—— —— —— —— *cheriſh thoſe Hearts, that* wait *thee:*

i. e. thy Dependants. For the contrary Practice had been *Wolſey*'s Ruin. He was not ſollicitous enough of making Dependants by his Bounty, but too intent on amaſſing Wealth for himſelf. The following Line likewiſe ſeems to confirm the Emendation:

Corruption *wins not more than* Honeſty.

i. e. You will never find Men won over to your temporary Occaſions by Bribery, of ſo much Uſe to You, as Friends made by a juſt and generous Munificence.

Mr. *Warburton.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Street in* Weſtminſter.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU'RE well met once again.

2 *Gen.* And ſo are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The lady *Anne* paſs from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow:
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens,
I'm ſure, have ſhewn at full their loyal minds,
And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe that claim their offices this day,
By cuſtom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the firſt, and claims
To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marſhal; you may read the reſt. [ſtoms,

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known thoſe cu-
I ſhould have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beſeech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princeſs Dowager? how goes her buſineſs?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late Court at *Dunſtable*, ſix miles
From *Ampthil*, where the Princeſs lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be ſhort, for not appearance and
The King's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe learned men ſhe was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where ſhe remains now ſick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady! ——
The trumpets ſound; ſtand cloſe, the Queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flouriſh of trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purſe and mace before him.*
4. *Choriſters ſinging.* [Muſick.
5. *Mayor of* London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marqueſs of* Dorſet, *bearing a ſcepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the rod of ſilver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his robe of eſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the rod of marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy born by four of the* Cinque-ports, *under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each ſide her, the biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.

9. *The*

9. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, *with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that, who bears the Scepter?
1 *Gen.* Marqueſs *Dorſet.*
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.
2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of *Suffolk.*
1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.
2 *Gen.* And that my lord of *Norfolk.*
1 *Gen.* Yes.
2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee!
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
And more and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:
I cannot blame his conſcience.
1 *Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of ſtate above her, are four barons
Of the *Cinque-Ports.*
2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, the Dutcheſs of *Norfolk.*
1 *Gen.* It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars, indeed:
And ſometimes falling ones.
1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you, Sir. Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th' Abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am ſtifled,
With the meer rankneſs of their joy.
2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?
3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.*

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate; oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people:
(Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman,
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, this is my wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar, where ſhe kneel'd; and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, *Edward* Confeſſor's Crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choiceſt muſick of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To *York-Place*, where the feaſt is held.

1 *Gen.* You muſt no more call it *York-Place*, that's paſt.
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.*

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 *Gen.* What two reverend biſhops
Were thoſe, that went on each ſide of the Queen?
3 *Gen. Stokeſly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Wincheſter*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.
2 *Gen.* He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbiſhop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen. Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Maſter o'th' jewel-houſe,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.
3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ſhall be my gueſts:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine *Dowager*, *ſick*, *led between* Griffith *her gentleman uſher*, *and* Patience *her woman.*

Grif. HOW does your Grace?
Cath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair——
So——now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe. [*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*,

Was

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward (27)
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſie roads he came to *Leiceſter*;
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words, "O father Abbot,
"An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold, ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,

(27) *Arreſted him at* York,] The Earl of *Northumberland*, and Sir *Walter Walſh*, one of the King's Privy Chamber, arreſted *Wolſey* of Treaſon, at his houſe at *Cawood* in *Yorkſhire* on *Friday* the 4th of *November* 1530. On *Sunday* Evening following, in order to be brought up to *London*, he was remov'd to *Pomfret*; on *Monday*, to *Doncaſter*; and on *Tueſday*, to the Earl of *Shrewsbury*'s Seat at *Sheffield-Park*. Here he was indulg'd to ſtay upwards of a Fortnight; and here, on *Tueſday* the 22d, was ſeiz'd with his laſt Illneſs. On *Thurſday* the 24th he began his Journey afreſh, tho not recover'd of his Flux, and was carried to another Houſe of the Lord *Shrewsbury*'s call'd *Hardwick Hall*; the next day, to *Notingham*; and on *Saturday* Evening, in a languiſhing Condition was brought to the Abbey at *Leiceſter*. He immediately took his Bed, and on *Tueſday* following, being the 29th of *November*, and Eve of St. *Andrew*, expir'd there.——This ſhort *Journal*, of the laſt Stage in Life, of ſo conſiderable a Man, I have thought proper to trace backwards; as imagining, it might not be diſpleaſing to certain curious Readers.

His

His bleſſed part to heav'n, and ſlept in peace.
Cath. So may he reſt, his faults lie gently on him ! (28)
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity ; he was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes : one, that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'd all the kingdom ; ſimony was fair play :
His own opinion was his law. I'th' Preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Mens evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now ?
Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal, (29)

(28) *His Faults lie* buried with *him* !] This Reading was firſt adopted by Mr. *Rowe* ; all the old Copies have it, as I have reſtor'd in the Text. The Poet ſeem'd to have in his Eye the cuſtomary Wiſh among the *Latins*, —— *Sit tibi terra levis* ! Which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have expreſs'd in their MAID's *Tragedy* ;

Upon my buried Body lay lightly, gentle Earth ! The oppoſite to this Expreſſion of our Poet's here, *his Faults lie gently on him* !— occurs frequently in Menace to *Richard* 3d, from the Ghoſts of thoſe whom he had murther'd :

Let me ſit heavy *on thy Soul to morrow* !
Let us be laid *within thy Boſom*, Richard,
And weigh *thee* down *to Ruin* ! ——

(29) —— —— —— *This Cardinal*
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;] Thus this Paſſage has hitherto been moſt abſurdly pointed. That *Wolſey* ſhould be a *ripe Scholar* from his *Cradle*, is moſt extraordinary and incredible. My Alteration of the Pointing, I dare be poſitive, gives us the Poet's Meaning ; and expreſſes that Character, which, *Holingſhead* tells us, *Edmund Campian*, in his Hiſtory of *Ireland*, had given of the Cardinal, *that he was a Man undoubtedly* born to Honour.

Though

Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them, that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe men, that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford!* one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note,
I nam'd my knell; whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and ſolemn muſick.

Grif. She is aſleep: good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion. Enter ſolemnly one after another, ſix perſonages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They firſt congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtſies. Then the two, that held the garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two; who obſerve the ſame order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: Which done, they deliver the ſame garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame order: (At which, as it were by inſpiration, ſhe makes in her ſleep ſigns of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And ſo in their dancing vaniſh, carrying the garland with them. The muſick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter, ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, madam.
Cath. No? ſaw you not ev'n now a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyful, madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.
Cath. Bid the muſick leave,
'Tis harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthy cold? obſerve her eyes.
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray, ——
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace ——

Cath. You are a ſawcy fellow,
Deſerve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing, ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Meſ. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs' pardon:
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A gentleman, ſent from the King, to ſee you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be lord ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius.*

Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyſick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Cath.

Cath. Sir, I muſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willing, madam.
Cath. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in bleſſings on her!)
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous Breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope, ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have Some pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I ſhould not lye) but well deſerve,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy, that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men; they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor peoples friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.
Cap. By heav'n, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man.
Cath. I thank you, honeſt lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſt him;
For ſo I will— mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord——*Griffith*, farewel——nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed——

Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more—— [*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the* Palace.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovel.

GARDINER.

IT'S one a clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath ſtruck.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times, to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*;
Whither ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
It ſeems, you are in haſte: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs. Affairs, that walk
(As they Say, ſpirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.

Lov.

Lov. My lord, I love you:
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conſcience ſays,
She's a good creature, and (ſweet lady) does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.
Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made maſter
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary: Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand, and tongue; and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my ſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him; indeed, this day
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' th' Council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch-heretick, a peſtilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath ſo far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him; he hath commanded,

To morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I reſt your ſervant.

[*Ex.* Lov.

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the* Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, *Charles*;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovel.

Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In greateſt humbleneſs, and begg'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſs

A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, a good night : [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha ! *Canterbury !*——
Denny. Yea, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true——where is he, *Denny ?*
Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel *seemeth to stay.*
Ha !——I have said—— be gone.
What !—— [*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Denny.
Cran. I am fearful : wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my lord ? you do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, rise ;
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury :*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together :
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak ;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,

But that, till further tryal, in thoſe charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our *Tower* : You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed; or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder. For, I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues
Than I my ſelf, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury* ;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Your ſelf and your accuſers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth and honeſty :
If they ſhall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion ; and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o'th' queſtion carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? ſuch things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,

You

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.
Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſt mother!
I ſwear, he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
H'as ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!——'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation; and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell,——
Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE, *before the* Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was ſent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this? hoa?
Who waits there? ſure, you know me?

Enter Door-Keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace muſt wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.——
Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad,
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit* Butts.
Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,
The King's phyſician; as he paſt along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my diſgrace! for certain,
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door: a fellow-counſellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter

Enter the King and Butts, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight——
King. What's that, *Butts?*
Butts. I think, your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.
King. Body o' me: where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſevants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,
They'd parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt, good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordſhips pleaſures;
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe.
We ſhall hear more anon,——

SCENE, *the* Council.

A council-table brought in with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand: A ſeat being left void above him, as for the Arch-biſhop of Canterbury. *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide.* Cromwel *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. SPEAK to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary; (30)
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,

The

(30) Chan. *Speak to the Buſineſs,*] This Lord *Chancellor*, tho a Character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. In the laſt Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir *Thomas Moore* was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not He, whom the Poet here introduces. *Wolſey*,

The cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord Arch-biſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[Cranmer *approaches the council table.*
Chan. My good lord Arch-biſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wiſdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelf, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble lords; for thoſe, that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewel all phyſick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole ſtate: as of late days our neighbours

ſey, by Command, deliver'd up the Seals on the 18th of *November* 1529; on the 25th of the ſame Month, they were deliver'd to Sir *Thomas Moore*, who ſurrender'd them on the 16th of *May*, 1532. Now the Concluſion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534.) Sir *Thomas Audlie* muſt neceſſarily be our Poet's *Chancellor*; who ſucceeded Sir *Thomas Moore*, and held the Seals many Years.

The upper *Germany* can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little ſtudy) that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
(Both in his private conſcience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My lord, becauſe we've buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort wi'you. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;
Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know, many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Wincheſter*, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear my ſelf,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,

But rev'rence to your Calling makes me modeſt.
Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men, that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My lord of *Wincheſter*, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Mens prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for ſhame, my lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a priſoner;
There to remain, till the King's further pleaſure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' *Tower*, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor then?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' *Tower.*
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the King my maſter.
Cham. This is the King's Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dang'rous ſtone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our ſelves.
Nor. D' you think, my lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his ſeat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One, that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You're ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter.* But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatt'ries now; and in my preſence

They are too thin and baſe to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the ſpaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure,
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, ſit down: now let me ſee the proudeſt
[*To* Cran.
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't pleaſe your Grace ——

King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my Council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deſerve that title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counſellor to try him;
Not as a groom. There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye means;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm ſure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, reſpect him:
Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for ſhame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me.
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm;

You

You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?
King. Come, come, my lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons: you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you: the old Dutcheſs
Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marqueſs *Dorſet* ——
Once more, my lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.
Cran. And let heav'n
Witneſs, how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart:
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: do my lord of *Canterbury*
But one ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *the* Palace-yard.

Noiſe and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. YOu'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take the Court for *Paris Garden?* ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.
Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.
Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: I'll ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing chriſtnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?
Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible (Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with cannons) To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep

On

On *May*-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Paul's*, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Moreſields* to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women ſo beſiege us? bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtning will beget a thouſand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſt the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour; which were the hope of the ſtrand, where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of

of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pibbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the Work; the devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a playhouſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Limehouſe*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters;
Theſe lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o' th' ſuburbs? we ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from th' Chriſtning?

Port. Pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lye baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th' are come already from the Chriſtening;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A *Marſhalſea*, ſhall hold ye play theſe two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princeſs.

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Palace.

Enter Trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's ſtaff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,* &c. *Train born by a lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England*, fair *Elizabeth!*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my ſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-biſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiſs take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal Infant, (heaven ſtill move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be

(But

(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſt ſoul ſhall be. All Princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days, ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by thoſe their Greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as her ſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
(When heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Who from the ſacred aſhes of her honour
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright ſun of heav'n ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heav'n.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of *England*, (31)

(31) *She ſhall be to the Happineſs of* England, *An aged Princeſs*;] The Tranſition here from the Complimentary Addreſs

An aged Princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would, I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die, (32)
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her yet a Virgin;
A moſt unſpotted lilly ſhe ſhall paſs
To th' ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.
King. O lord Arch-biſhop,
Thou'ſt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this child does, and praiſe my maker.
I thank ye all. —— To you, my good Lord Mayor,

dreſs to King *James* the Firſt is ſo abrupt, that it ſeems obvious to me, that Compliment was inſerted after the Acceſſion of that Prince. If this Play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; we may eaſily determine where *Cranmer*'s Eulogium of that Princeſs concluded. I make no queſtion but the Poet reſted here;

And claim by thoſe their Greatneſs, not by Blood. All that the Biſhop ſays after this, was an occaſional Homage paid to her Succeſſor; and evidently inſerted after her Demiſe. How naturally, without this Inſertion, does the King's Joy, and ſatisfactory Reflection upon the Biſhop's Prophecy come in!

King. *Thou ſpeakeſt Wonders. O Lord Archbiſhop,*
Thou'ſt made me now a Man. Never, before
This happy Child, did I get any Thing, &c.

Whether the King would ſo properly have made this Inference, upon hearing that a Child of ſo great Hopes ſhould dye without Iſſue, is ſubmitted to Judgment.

(32) *Would I had known no more: but She muſt dye,*
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly, &c.] Thus the Editors hitherto, in their Sagacity, have pointed this Paſſage, and deſtroy'd the true Senſe of it. The firſt part of this Sentence is a Wiſh: The other ſhould be a ſorrowful Continuation of the Biſhop's Prophecy. But, ſure, *Cranmer* was too wiſe and pious a Man, too well acquainted with the State of Mortality, to make it a part of his Lamentation that this good Princeſs muſt one time or other go to Heaven. As I point it, the Poet makes a fine Compliment to his Royal Miſtreſs's Memory, to lament that ſhe muſt dye without leaving an Heir of her Body behind her. *Palamon* and *Arcite*, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, being made Priſoners to *Theſeus*, and fearing they ſhall dye in that Captivity, lament their Fate, I remember, in much the ſame manner.

——— *Here the Graces of our Youths muſt wither,*
Like a too timely Spring; here Age muſt find us,
And, which is heavieſt, Palamon, *unmarried.*

And

And your good brethren, I am much beholden: (33)
I have receiv'd much honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day no man think,
H'as buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay;
This little one ſhall make it holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

(33) *And* you *good Brethren,*] But, the *Aldermen* never were call'd Brethren to the King. The Top of the Nobility are but Couſins and Counſellors. Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, rightly adviſed;

And your *good Brethren* ——————

i. e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren; which is properly their Style. So in the *Chorus* before the 5th Act of *Henry* V.

The Mayor, *and all* his Brethren *in beſt Sort,*
Like to the Senators of antique Rome,
With the Plebeians *ſwarming at their Heels,*
Go forth, and fetch their conqu'ring Cæſar *in.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here: ſome come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep an act or two; but thoſe, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets: ſo, 'tis clear,
They'll ſay, it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, that's witty!
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected Good w'are like to hear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good wom'n;
(For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em) If they ſmile,
And ſay, 'twill do; I know, within a while
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF King *LEAR.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Glo'ſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt. } *Servants to* Glo'ſter.
2d. }

Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to* Lear.
Cordelia, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lyes in* Britain.

KING

KING *LEAR*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the King's Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

I Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent.

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came ſomewhat ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund?*

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*;——
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. [*Trumpets ſound, within.*
The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Glo'ſter.*

Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age;
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And You, our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſev'ral Dow'rs, that future ſtrife [*gundy*,
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Bur-*
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, cares of ſtate;)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,

Where

Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do? love and be ſilent.
[*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany*'s iſſue
Be this perpetual.——What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall?* ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart. (1)
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
My ſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia!* [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill.*— Now our joy,
Although our laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'reſs'd: what ſay you, to draw

(1) *And prize me at her Worth. In my true Heart,*] Mr. *Biſhop* preſcrib'd the Pointing of this Paſſage, as I have regulated it in the Text. *Regan* would ſay, that in the Truth of her Heart and Affection, ſhe equals the worth of her Siſter. Without this Change in the Pointing, ſhe makes a Boaſt of her ſelf without any Cauſe aſſign'd.

A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters husbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? hap'ly, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.——
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be:
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, meſſes
To gorge his appetite; ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege——
Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my Reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!——
[*To* Cor.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*.——*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dowres, digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'onet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs ——
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight!
Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain

The

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo* ——

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant! ——

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord. (2)

(2) Cor. *Here's* France, *and* Burgundy, *my noble Lord.*] The Generality of the Editions, antient and modern, ſtupidly place this Verſe to *Cordelia*. But I have, upon the Authority of the old 4to, reſtor'd it to the right Owner, *Glo'ſter*; who was, but a little before, ſent by the King to conduct *France* and *Burgundy* to him.

Lear.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at leaſt
Will you require in preſent dowre with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?
Bur. Moſt royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.
Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If aught within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions. [me,
Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made
I tell you all her wealth.——For you, great King,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you,
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.
France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your Praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! ſure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; (3) or your fore-voucht affection
Fal'n

(3) *As* monſtrous *is*,] This bald Reading is a modern Sophiſtication: the eldeſt and beſt Copies read; *That*

Fal'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak.) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
Aloof from th'intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is her ſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing: —— I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

That monſters *it* ——

i. e. that makes a Monſter, a Prodigy, of it: And our Poet uſes this Verb elſewhere in ſuch a Senſe. So *Albany*, afterwards in this Play, ſays to *Goneril*, his Wife;

Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted Thing! for Shame,
Be-monſter *not thy Features.*

And ſo, in *Coriolanus*;

I'd rather have One ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being poor,
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, tho unkind;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, *France*; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come, noble *Burgundy*. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Lear
[*and* Burgundy.

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the Want that you have wanted. (4)

(4) *And well are worth the* Want *that you have* wanted.] This is a very obſcure Expreſſion, and muſt be piec'd out with an implied Senſe, to be underſtood. This I take to be the Poet's Meaning, ſtript of the jingle which makes it dark: "You well deſerve to meet with that *Want* of "Love from your Husband, which you have profeſs'd to *want* for our "Father."

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia.*

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think, our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with Such diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ſter.

Enter EDMUND, *with a Letter.*

Edm. THOU, *Nature*, art my Goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit

The

The curteſie of nations to deprive me, (5)
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take (6)
More compoſition and fierce quality;

(5) *The* Nicety *of Nations.*] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, *ex Cathedrâ*; for it has the Sanction of None of the Copies, that I have met with. They all, indeed, give it Us, by a fooliſh Corruption,—*the* Curioſity *of Nations*; but I ſome time ago prov'd, that our Author's Word was, *Curteſie*. So, again, in *As You like it*;

The Courteſie of Nations *allows you my better, in that You are the* firſt born.

And again, in *Cymbeline*, this Word ſtands for *Birth-right*;

——————*aye hopeleſs*
To have the Courteſie *your Cradle promis'd.*

Nor muſt we forget that Tenure in our Laws, whereby ſome Lands are held by the *Curteſie* of *England*. And I ought to take Notice, that I had the Concurrence of the Ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, who hinted to me this very Emendation, before he knew I made it.

(6) *Who, in the luſty Stealth of Nature,*] Theſe fine Lines are a very ſignal Proof of our Author's admirable Art, in giving proper Sentiments to his Characters. And ſuch a Proof, as hath in it ſomething very extraordinary. The *Baſtard*'s Character is That of a confirm'd Atheiſt; and the Poet's making him ridicule *judicial Aſtrology* was deſign'd as one Inſtance of that Character: For that impious Juggle had a religious Reverence paid it at that Time: and *Shakeſpeare* makes his beſt Characters in this very Play own, and acknowledge the Force of the Stars Influence. The Poet, in ſhort, gives an atheiſtical Turn to all his Sentiments; and how much the Lines, following this, are in this Character, may be ſeen by that ſtrange monſtrous Wiſh, which *Vanini*, the infamous *Neapolitan* Atheiſt, made in his Tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*; printed at *Paris* in 1616, the very Year that our Author dy'd. "*O! Utinam extrà legitimum & con-*
"*nubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! Ità enim Progenitores mei* in Venerem
"incaluiſſent ardentiùs, *ac* cumulatim affatimque generoſa Semina contu-
"liſſent; *è quibus Ego formæ blanditiam et elegantiam, robuſtas Corporis*
"*Vires, mentemque innubilam conſequutus fuiſſem. At quià* Conjugatorum
"ſum Soboles, his orbatus ſum bonis."——Now had this Book been publiſh'd ten Years before, who would not have ſworn that *Shakeſpeare* hinted at this Paſſage? But the Divinity of his Genius here, as it were, foretold what ſuch an Atheiſt, as *Vanini* was, would ſay, when he wrote upon this Subject.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land;
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate; fine word —— legitimate ——
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate.——I grow, I proſper;
Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

To him, Enter Glo'ſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
And the King gone to night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!——*Edmund*, how now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to*

me,

me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep, till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar. —— Hum—— Conſpiracy!—— ſleep, 'till I wake him—— you ſhould enjoy half his revenue—— My ſon *Edgar!* had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear, it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his Father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him——Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; tho the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the frequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in Palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, Honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars (7); as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, lyars,

(7) *We make guilty of our Diſaſters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars:*] It was the Opinion of *judicial Aſtrologers*, that whatſoever good Diſpoſitions the Infant, unborn, might be endow'd with, either from Nature or traductively from its Parents; yet if, at the hour of Birth, its Delivery was by any caſual Accident ſo accelerated, or retarded, that it fell in with the Predominancy of a malignant Conſtellation; that momentary Influence would entirely change its Nature, and byaſs it to all the contrary ill Qualities.——This was ſo wretched and monſtrous an Opinion, that it well deſerved and was well fitted for the Laſh of Satire.

Mr. *Warburton.*

and

and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat! —— he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam* — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me —

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your self with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink your self, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go, here's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *and Steward.*

Gon. DID my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion.
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man, (8)
That ſtill would manage thoſe Authorities,

(8) *Idle old Man,*] The following Lines, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in Character for *Gonerill*, I have reſtor'd from the Old 4to. The laſt Verſe, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus;

With Checks, like Flatt'ries *when they are ſeen* abus'd.

That

That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my Life,
Old Fools are Babes again; and muſt be uſed
With Checks, like Flatt'rers when they're ſeen t'abuſe us.
Remember, what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo: I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my ſpeech diffuſe, my good intent (9)
May carry thro' it ſelf to that full iſſue,
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready: How now, what art thou? [*To* Kent.

(9) *And can my Speech* diſuſe,] This Reading we deriv'd firſt from Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition; and from thence it has taken poſſeſſion in the two Impreſſions given us by Mr. *Pope*. But the Poet's Word was certainly, *diffuſe:* And *Kent* would ſay, "If I can but ſo ſpread out my Accents," (*de telle ſorte eſpandre*, as the *French* term it;) "vary my Tone, and Ut-"terance, ſo *widely* from what it uſed to be as to *diſguiſe* it; &c." And *diffuſed* in this Senſe of *obſolete*, *diſguiſed*, our Poet has more than once employ'd.

Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once,
With ſome diffuſed *Song:* ——
Merry Wives *of* Windſor.

To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, diffus'd *Attire,*
King *Henry* Vth.

Vouchſafe, diffus'd *Infection of a Man,*
King *Richard* IIId.

Kent.

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner—— where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you—— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back:

back: where's my fool, ho?—— I think, the world's aſleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my Judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave! —you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player.
[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wiſdom? ſo. — [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. ——

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whip'd out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,

Set

Set leſs than thou throweſt,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool! ——

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No lad, teach me. [Land, (10)

Fool. That Lord, that counſel'd thee to give away thy
Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter Fool will preſently appear,
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to my ſelf, they'll be ſnatching.
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden

(10) Fool. *That Lord, that counſel'd thee* ——] Theſe four Lines I have reſtor'd from the old 4to; and, ſurely, the Retrenchment of them by the Players was very injudicious. For, without them, how very abſurdly does *Lear* reply, *Do'ſt thou call me Fool, boy?*

one away: if I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whip'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [Singing.
For wiſemen are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung;
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.——— Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To* Gonerill.] ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum,

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.
That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T'have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame,) that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make uſe of your good wiſdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear:*
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied——Ha! waking——'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?———

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you,
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.

You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd Palace. Shame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
‡ Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together. ——
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents——O, Sir, are you
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.— [come?
[*To* Alb.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,

‡ A little *is the common reading; but it appears, from what* Lear *ſays in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecify'd by* Gonerill.

Mr. Pope.

And

And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my lord——
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a Father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A Babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent tears fret chanels in her cheeks: (11)
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child.——Go, go, my people.
Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope,
That dotage gives it.
Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?——
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee——life and death! I am aſham'd,
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus;
[*To* Gon.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,

(11) *With* cadent *Tears,*] Mr. *Warburton* very happily here ſuſpects our Author wrote, *candent*; as an Epithet of much more Energy, and more likely to effect *Lear*'s Imprecation. He brings in Confirmation, what the King ſays preſently after;

That theſe hot Tears, *that break from me perforce,*
And what he ſays towards the End of the 4th Act:

——————*but I am bound*
Upon a Wheel of Fire, that mine own Tears
Do ſcald *like* molten Lead.

Should make thee worth them. —— blaſts and fogs upon thee !
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe (12)
Pierce every ſenſe about thee ! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this Cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha ! is it come to this ?
Let it be ſo : I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable ;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear *and attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that ?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oſwald*, ho !
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee :
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel,——a hundred Knights !
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights ; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,

(12) *Th'* untender *Woundings*,] I have here reſtor'd the Reading of all the genuine Copies, which Mr. *Pope* had degraded ; as it ſeems the moſt expreſſive, and conveys an Image exactly ſuiting with the Poet's Thought. 'Tis true, *untender* ſignifies, *ſharp*, *ſevere*, *harſh*, and all the Oppoſites to the Idea of *tender*. But as a Wound *untented* is apt to rankle inwards, ſmart, and feſter, I doubt not, but *Shakeſpeare* meant to intimate here ; that a Father's Curſe ſhall be a Wounding of ſuch a ſharp, inveterate Nature, that nothing ſhall be able to *tent* it ; i. e. to ſearch the Bottom, and help in the Cure of it. We have a Paſſage in *Cymbeline*, that very ſtrongly confirms this Meaning.

I've heard, I am a Strumpet ; and mine Ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater Wound,
Nor Tent *to* bottom *that.*

He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;——
Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald?*
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
——No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then——
Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a* Court-Yard *belonging to the Duke of* Albany's Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. GO you before to *Glo'ſter* with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'ſt thou tell, why one's noſe ſtands i'th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did Her wrong ——

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon, why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! —— monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready ?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *ſeverally.*

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay, I know not ; you have heard of the news abroad ; I mean, the whiſper'd ones ; for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I ; pray you, what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany ?*

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to night ! the better ! beſt !
This weaves it ſelf perforce into my buſineſs ;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,

And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act: briefneſs, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; Brother, I ſay;——

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night——
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his Party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe your ſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me——
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you——
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf.
Now quit you well——
Yield——come before my father—light hoa, here!——
Fly, brother—Torches!—ſo farewel— [*Ex.* Edg.
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help?——

To him, Enter Glo'ſter, *and ſervants with torches.*

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand 's auſpicious miſtreſs.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—

Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no means, what—

Edm. Perſuade me to the murther of your lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond

The

The child was bound to th' father.——Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch——the noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night; (13)
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard! do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I ſhould deny,——
(As this I would, although thou did'ſt produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd, villain!
Would he deny his letter?——I never got him.——
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes—

(13) *My worthy* Arch and *Patron.*] I can meet with no Authority of this Word uſed in this manner, to ſignify, my Prince, my Chief; but always as an epitatic Particle prefix'd and annex'd to another Noun: and therefore I have ventur'd to ſuppoſe a Tranſpoſition of the Copulative, and that we ought to read, *Arch-patron*, as *Arch-duke*, *Arch-angel*, *Arch-biſhop*, &c.

All Ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar?*
Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear, that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he purſued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, *Edmund*,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours;

Natures

Natures of ſuch deep Truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you—

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon threading dark-ey'd night; (14)
Occaſions, noble *Glo'ſter*, of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.——
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent, *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

(14) —— —— —— threading *dark-ey'd Night.*] I have not ventur'd to diſplace this Reading, tho I have great Suſpicion that the Poet wrote,

—— —— threading *dark-ey'd night.*

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obſcure, and mean an Alluſion. It muſt either be borrow'd from the Cant-phraſe of *threading of Alleys*, i. e. going thro bye-paſſages to avoid the high Streets; or to *threading* a *Needle* in the *dark*.

Stew.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? is it two days ago, ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o'th' moonſhine of you; you whorſon, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks — draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help! ———

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murther! murther! ——

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part ——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that ſtrikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal! nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This antient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard ——

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail! ——

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (15)

Too

(15) *Like rats, oft bite the* holy *Cords atwaine,*
Which are t' intrince, *t' unlooſe ;*] Thus the firſt Editors blunder'd this Paſſage into unintelligible Nonſenſe. Mr. *Pope* ſo far has diſengag'd them, as to give us plain Senſe; but by throwing out the Epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll firſt eſtabliſh and prove the Reading; then explain the Alluſion. Thus the Poet gave it;

Like rats, oft bite the holy *Cords in twain,*
Too 'intrinſicate *t'unlooſe* ——

This Word again occurs in our Author's *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, where ſhe is ſpeaking to the Aſpick;

—— —— *Come, mortal Wretch;*
With thy ſharp Teeth this Knot intrinſicate
Of Life at once untie.

And we meet with it in *Cynthia*'s *Revels* by *Ben. Jonſon.*

Yet there are certain puntilio's, *or (as I may more nakedly inſinuate them) certain* intrinſicate *Strokes and Wards, to which your Activity is not yet amounted*; &c.

It means, inward, hidden; perplext; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the *Latin* adverb *intrinſecùs*; from which the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful Phraſe, *intrinſicarſi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one ſelf into another. And now to our Author's Senſe. *Kent* is rating the Steward, as a Paraſite of *Gonerill*'s; and ſuppoſes very juſtly, that he has fomented the Quarrel betwixt that Princeſs

and

Too 'intrinſicate t'unlooſe: ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.* (16)
Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.
Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor [hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.
Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,——
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour

and her Father: in which Office, he compares him to a ſacrilegious Rat: and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerved to me, ſtyles the Union between Parents and Children the *holy Cords.*

(16) ——————*cackling home to* Camelot.] As *Sarum*, or *Salisbury*, Plain is mention'd in the preceding Verſe, I preſume this *Camelot* to be That mention'd by *Holingſhead*, and call'd *Camaletum*, in the Marſhes of *Somerſetſhire*, where there was an old Tradition of a very ſtrong *Caſtle*. *Langham* in his Account of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reception at *Kenil-worth*, ſays, from King *Arthur*'s Acts, that That Prince kept his Royal Court at *Camelot*: but whether this be the Place already mention'd, or ſome other of that Name in *Wales*, or the *Camelot* in *Sterling*-County in *Scotland*, I am not able to ſay.

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus'* front ——

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his maſter very lately
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction;
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you ——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo;
His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with. The King muſt take it ill,
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs ——
[Kent *is put in the Stocks:*
Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.

Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common Saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.

For-

Fortune, good night; ſmile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He ſleeps.*

SCENE *changes to a part of a Heath.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard my ſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve my ſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elfe all my hair in knots; (17)
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and preſident
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,

——— ——— ——— put *all my Hair in Knots;*] This is a modern Reading: All the old Copies intended to read, and the firſt *folio* actually does;

——— ——— ——— elſe *all my Hair in knots.*

i. e. twiſt it in the manner of *Elfe-locks*: i. e. Hairs ſo intricately interwove, as not to be diſengag'd; and by Superſtition ſuppos'd to have been twiſted by *Elves*, or *Fairies*. We find them mention'd in our Author's *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

That plats the manes of horſes in the Night,
And cakes the Elf-locks *in foul ſluttiſh Hairs,*
Which once untangled, much Misfortune bodes.

And in the Induction to *Ben. Jonſon*'s *Magnetick Lady*.

——— *But if you light on the wrong End, you will pull all into a Knot or* Elf-lock; *which Nothing but the Sheers, or a Candle, will undo or ſeparate.*

Inforce

Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood*! poor *Tom*! ——
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes, again, to the Earl of* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'TIS ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.
Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy Place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear, no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear, ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murther,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us?
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Poſt,

Stew'd

Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtrait took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine;
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, —— down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i'th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All, that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking—

ing—— let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, fool.

Enter Lear *and* Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they're weary,
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer——

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremoveable, and fixt he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!——
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ſter*,
I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!——
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that——
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our ſelves,

When

When Nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, [fore
For the ſound man.——Death on my ſtate! but where-
Should he ſit here? this Act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently,——bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, ſleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when ſhe put them i'th' Paſty alive; ſhe rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.

Lear. *Regan*, I think, you are; I know, what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter's naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here;
[*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality——oh *Regan!*——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?——

Reg. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,

She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſom end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!——

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you your Self: therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark, how this becomes the Uſe? (18)
Dear daughter, I confeſs, that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, *Regan:*
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd blank upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue, (19)
Moſt

(18) *Do you but mark how this becomes the* Houſe?] This Phraſe is to me unintelligible, and ſeems to ſay nothing to the purpoſe: Neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the Order of Families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my Daughters Forgiveneſs become me as a Father, and agree with common Faſhion, the eſtabliſh'd Rule and Cuſtom of Nature? And therefore it ſeems no Doubt to me, but the Poet wrote, as I have alter'd the Text. Let us examine, how he has expreſs'd elſewhere upon this Sentiment.
Alonſo ſays, in the *Tempeſt*;

But, oh, how oddly *will it ſound, that I*
Muſt ask *my* Child Forgiveneſs?

And *Volumnia*, in *Coriolanus*, ſays to her Son;

I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew Duty *as* miſtaken *all the while*
Between the Child *and* Parent.

Now what is *odd*, and *improper*, and *miſtaken*, muſt be concluded to be againſt Rule and Cuſtom: And that *Shakeſpeare* employs *Uſe* in this Signification, is too obvious to want a Proof.

(19) *Look'd* black *upon me,*] This is a Phraſe which I do not underſtand; neither have I any where elſe met with it. But to *look blank* is a known Expreſſion, ſignifying, either to give diſcouraging Looks to another, or to ſtand diſmay'd and diſappointed one's-ſelf. The Poet means here,

Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!——
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give (20)
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine

here, that *Regan* gave him *cold Looks*, as he before phraſes it in this Play. In *Hamlet*, he has chang'd the Adjective into a Verb;

Each Oppoſite, that blanks *the Face of Joy.*

Milton (a ſtudious Imitator not only of our Poet's Words, but Phraſes;) often uſes *blank* in our Author's Senſe here;

There without Sign of Boaſt, or Sign of Joy,
Sollicitous and blank, *he thus began.*

Par. Reg. B. 2.

And with Confuſion blank *his Worſhippers.*

Sampſ. Agoniſt.

And noble Grace, that daſh'd brute Violence;
With ſudden Adoration and blank *Awe,*

Maſque *at* Ludlow-*Caſtle.*

——————— Adam, *ſoon as he heard*
The fatal Treſpaſs done by Eve, *amaz'd,*
Aſtonied ſtood and blank.

Par. loſt. B. 9.

And in another Paſſage, with an equivalent Expreſſion;

Thus while he ſpake, each Paſſion dimm'd *his Face.*

Ibid. B. 4.

(20) *Thy* tender-hearted *Nature.*] This, as I preſume, was Mr. *Pope*'s Sophiſtication; I have reſtored from the Old Copies, *tender-hefted*; (which, I am ſatisfied, was the Poet's Word) i. e. whoſe Boſom is *heav'd* with tender Paſſions. So in *Winter's Tale.*

——————*But if one preſent*
Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his Eye make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides,
With violent Hefts.

And again afterwards in the ſame Play;

——————*'Tis ſuch as You,*

That

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courteſie, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſie-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my ſervant? *Regan*, I've good hope,
Thou didſt not know on't.——— Who comes here?
O Heav'ns,
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway (21)
Hallow obedience, if your ſelves are old,

That creep like Shadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings.
So, ſpeaking of *Cordelia's* Grief, in our preſent Play,
Once, or twice,
She heav'd *the Name of Father*
Pantingly *forth.*
And ſo the *Dauphin*, in King *John.*
Lift up thy Brow, renowned Salisbury;
And with a great Heart heave *away this Storm.*

(21) ——— ——— *if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *Obedience*,] Could any Man in his Senſes, and *Lear* has 'em yet, make it a Queſtion whether Heaven *allow'd* Obedience? Undoubtedly, the Poet wrote—— Hallow *Obedience*,—— i. e. if by your Ordinances you hold and pronounce it *ſanctified*; and puniſh the Violators of it as ſacrilegious Perſons, Mr. *Warburton.*

Make

Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—how came my man i'th Stocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe (22)
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, againſt the enmity o'th' air,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch ——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot; ——Return with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlave, and ſumpter,
To this deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,

(22) ——————— *and chuſe*
To wage againſt the enmity o'th' Air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp Pinch.] The Breach of the Senſe here is a manifeſt Proof, that theſe Lines were tranſpos'd by the firſt Editors: Neither can there be any Syntax or Grammatical Coherence, unleſs we ſuppoſe *Neceſſity's ſharp Pinch* to be the Accuſative to *wage*. As I've plac'd the Verſes, the Senſe is fine and eaſie; and the Sentence compleat and finiſh'd.

I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another;
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend, when thou can'ſt; be better, at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,
We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd

With

With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked: Not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What needs one?
Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger; (23)

(23) *touch me with noble Anger.*] It would puzzle one at firſt, to find the Senſe, and Driſt, and Coherence of this Petition. For if the Gods ſent this Affliction for his Puniſhment, how could he expect that they would defeat their own Deſign, and aſſiſt him to revenge his Injuries by *touching him with noble Anger?* This Queſtion cannot well be anſwer'd, without going a little further than ordinary for the Solution. We may be aſſured then, that *Shakeſpeare* had here in his Mind thoſe Opinions the antient Poets held of the Misfortunes of particular Families. They tell us, that when the Anger of the Gods (for any Act of Impiety) was rais'd againſt an offending Family, that their Method of Puniſhment was this: firſt, they inflamed the Breaſts of the Children to unnatural Acts againſt their Parents; and then, of the Parents againſt their Children; that they might deſtroy one another: and that both theſe Outrages were the Acts of the Gods. To conſider *Lear* as alluding to this, makes his Prayer exceeding pertinent and fine. Mr. *Warburton.*

O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both, (24)
That all the world ſhall —— I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping:
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws,
Or ere I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Gloſter, Kent *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of *Glo'ſter?*

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; —— he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Corn.

(24) *I will have ſuch Revenges on you both,*
That all the World ſhall——] This fine abrupt Breaking off, and Suppreſſion of Paſſion in its very height, (a Figure, which the *Greek* Rhetoricians have call'd, ἀποσιώπησις) is very familiar with our Author, as with other good Writers, and always gives an Energy to the Subject. That, by *Neptune* in the firſt Book of the *Æneis*, is always quoted as a celebrated Inſtance of this Figure:

Quos ego—— Sed motos præſtat componere fluctus.

What *Lear* immediately ſubjoins here, *I will do ſuch Things,—— What they are, yet I know not——* ſeems to carry the viſible Marks of Imitation.

—— —— Magnum eſt quodcunque paravi;
Quid ſit, adhuc; dubito.

Ovid. *Metam.* l. 6.

—— —— —— Haud, quid ſit, ſcio;
Sed grande quiddam eſt.

Senec. *in Thyeſt.*

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.
Gon. My lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle, for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: ſhut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſp'rate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o'th' ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Heath.*

A ſtorm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

KENT.

WHO's there, beſides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.
Kent. I know you, where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea;
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair,
(Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)
Strives in his little World of Man t' outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall:*
Who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars (25)
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes;
Or the hard rein, which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
(Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings——)
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner—Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

(25) *Who have, as who have not,*—] The eight ſubſequent Verſes were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſie to be underſtood; and the Lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the Motives, upon which *France* prepar'd his Invaſion: nor without them is the Senſe of the Context compleat.

Kent.

Kent. No, do not:-
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall) ſhew her that Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
That way, I this:) he that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
'Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once (26)
That

(26) *Crack Nature's Mould, all* Germains *ſpill at once.*] Thus all the Editions have given us this Paſſage, and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *Germains*, to mean, *relations*, or *kindred* Elements. Then it muſt have been *germanes* (from the *Latin* Adjective, *germanus*;) a Word more than once uſed by our Author, tho' always falſe ſpelt by his Editors. So, in *Hamlet*;

The Phraſe would be more germane *to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our Sides:*

And ſo in *Othello*;

You'll have your Nephews neigh to you; You'll have Courſers for Couſins, and Gennets for Germanes.

But the Poet means here, "Crack Nature's Mould, and ſpill all the "*Seeds of Matter*, that are hoarded within it." To retrieve which Senſe, we muſt write *Germins*; (a Subſtantive deriv'd from *Germen*, σπορὰ: as the old Gloſſaries expound it;) and ſo we muſt again in *Macbeth*;

——— *Tho the Treaſure*
Of Nature's Germins *tumble all together,*
Ev'n till Deſtruction ſicken.

And

That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters bleſſing: here's a night, that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;—here I ſtand, your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters joyn'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any:
The head and he ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful Skies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,

And to put this Emendation beyond all Doubt, I'll produce one more Paſſage, where our Author not only uſes the ſame Thought again, but the Word that aſcertains my Explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

Let Nature cruſh the Sides o'th' Earth together,
And marr the Seeds *within.*

And

And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.
Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, (27)
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue, (28)
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practis'd on man's life! — Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace. — I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denyed me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.
Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold my ſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,

(27) Tremble, *thou wretch;*] Thus *Juvenal* in his 13th Satire;
Hi *ſunt qui* trepidant, *& ad omnia fulgura* pallent,
Cum tonat; &c.

(28) *Thou* perjur'd, *and thou ſimular* man *of Virtue,*] The firſt *Folio* leaves out *man* in this Verſe; and, I believe, rightly to the Poet's Mind. He would uſe a Simular of Virtue to ſignify, a falſe Pretender to it; a Diſſembler, that would make an outward Shew of it: as he elſewhere employs *perjure* ſubſtantively, for a perjur'd Creature.
So in *Love's Labour loſt*;
Why, he comes like a Perjure, *wearing Papers.*
And ſo, in his *Troubleſom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts:
But now black-ſpotted Perjure *as he is.*

That

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart;
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tynie wit,*
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy, or ere I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i'th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That Going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *An apartment in* Glo'ſter's *caſtle.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund.

Glo. ALACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Edm.

Edm. Moſt ſavage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet:) theſe injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; (28) we muſt incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There are ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſie, forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a part of the Heath, with a hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. HERE is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter;
The tyranny o'th' open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

(28) *There is part of a power already landed.*] This Reading, notwithſtanding Mr. *Pope*'s Declaration in his Preface, is not *ex fide Codicum*. All the authentick Copies read, *footed*, i. e. on foot, on their March. If this Gentleman's nice Ear was offended at the Word in this place, how came he to let it paſs undiſturb'd in ſome others? As, for Inſtance, afterwards in this Play;

And what Confed'racy have you with the traytors,
Late footed *in the kingdom?*

And again, in *Henry* Vth.

Diſpatch us with all Speed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed *in this Land already.*

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all Feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?——But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more—In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?—pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all ——
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that. ——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thy ſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more——but I'll go in,
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty ————
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep ————
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? — O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſick, Pomp;
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt. [*Tom.*

Edg. within. Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays, his name's poor *Tom.*

Kent.

Kent. What art thou, that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? come forth.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this? (29)

(29) *Didſt Thou give all to thy Daughters? and art thou come to this?*] Here *Lear*'s Madneſs firſt begins to break out. His Mind, long beating on his Afflictions, had laid a Preparation for his Frenzy: and nothing was wanting but ſuch an Object as *Edgar*, to ſet it on Work, as it were by Sympathy. In this our Author has ſhewn an exquiſite Knowledge of Nature; as he has, with no leſs Propriety, diſtinguiſh'd the King's *real*, from the Other's *aſſum'd* Paſſion. What *Lear* ſays, for the moſt part, ſprings either from the Source and Fountain of his Diſorder; the Injuries done him by his Daughters; or his Deſire of being reveng'd on them. What *Edgar* ſays, ſeems a fantaſtick Wildneſs, only extorted to diſguiſe Senſe, and to blunt the Suſpicion of his Concealment. This makes it, that we are always moſt ſtrongly affected with the King's Madneſs, as we know it to be a real Diſtreſs. But tho what *Edgar* ſays, ſeems Extravagance of Thought, and the Coinage of the Poet's Brain only, to the End already mention'd; yet I'll venture to aſſure my Readers, his whole Frenzy is Satire levell'd at a modern Fact, which made no little Noiſe at that Period of Time: and conſequently, muſt have been a rapturous Entertainment to the Spectators, when it was firſt preſented. The Secret is this: While the *Spaniards* were preparing their Armado againſt *England*, the *Jeſuits* were here buſiely at Work to promote the Succeſs by making Converts. One Method they uſed, to do this, was to diſpoſſeſs pretended Demoniacks of their own Church: by which Artifice, they made ſeveral hundred Converts among the common People, and grew ſo elate upon their Succeſs, as to publiſh an Account of their Exploits in this wonderful Talent of *exorciſing*. A main Scene of their Buſineſs, in this ſeeming-holy Diſcipline, lay in the Family of one Mr. *Edmund Peckham*; where *Marwood* a Servant of *Antony Babington*'s, (who was afterwards executed for Treaſon) *Trayford* an Attendant upon Mr. *Peckham*, and *Sarah* and *Friſwood Williams* and *Anne Smith* (three Chambermaids in that Family) were ſuppoſed to be poſſeſs'd by Devils, and came under the Hands of the Prieſts for their Cure. The Parties either ſo little lik'd the Diſcipline, or the Jeſuits behav'd with ſuch ill Addreſs, that the Conſequence was, the Impoſture was diſcover'd: the Demoniacks were examin'd; and their Confeſſions taken upon Oath before the Privy Council. The whole Matter being blown up, the Criminals brought to the Stake, and the Trick of *Devil-hunting* brought into Ridicule; Dr. *Harſenet* (who was Chaplain

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratsbane by his Porredge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe, over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor, ——bleſs thy five wits; *Tom*'s a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de; —bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking; do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs? Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? did'ſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?

Chaplain to Archbiſhop *Bancroft*, and himſelf afterwards Archbiſhop of *York*) wrote a ſmart Narrative of this whole Proceeding under the following Title: "A Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures, to with-"draw the Hearts of her Majeſty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. "under the pretence of caſting out Devils, practis'd by *Edmunds*, alias "*Weſton*, a Jeſuit; and divers *Romiſh* Prieſts, his wicked Aſſociates. "Whereunto are annex'd the Copies of the Confeſſions and Examinations "of the Parties themſelves, which were pretended to be poſſeſs'd and "diſpoſſeſs'd, &c. Printed by *James Roberts*, in 1603."—— This Tranſaction was ſo rife in every Body's Mouth, upon the Acceſſion of King *James* the 1ſt to the Crown; that our Poet thought proper to make his Court, by helping forward the Ridicule of it. I need only obſerve now, that *Edgar* thro' all his Frenzy ſuppoſes himſelf poſſeſs'd by Fiends; and that the greateſt Part of his diſſembled Lunacy, the Names of his Devils, and the deſcriptive Circumſtances he alludes to in his own Caſe, are all drawn from this Pamphlet, and the Confeſſions of the poor deluded Wretches. The Addreſs of our Author in this popular Piece of Satire, and that excentrick Madneſs he has built upon it, made me imagine, the ſtating a Fact, ſo little known, might apologize for the Length of this Note on the Occaſion.

Judicious

Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet-heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that (30) curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in mad-

(30) ——*that curl'd my Hair, wore* Gloves *in my Cap*;] A learned Gentleman, whom I have no Privilege to name, intimated to me, that *Shakeſpeare*'s Reading muſt have been—— *wore* Cloves *in my Cap*,—— alluding to the prevailing Mode, in thoſe days, among the ſpruce Gallants, of quilting *Spices* and other Perfumes within the Linings of their Hats. I thought it but Juſtice to mention a Hint ſo ſerviceably deſign'd; tho, with Deference, I muſt be oblig'd to diſſent in Opinion, and think that the Text calls for no Alteration. It was a frequent Cuſtom to wear Gloves in the Hat, upon three different Motives; either as the Favour of a Miſtreſs; in Honour of ſome other reſpected Friend; or as a Mark to be challeng'd by an Adverſary where a Duel was depending. And to this Cuſtom in all theſe three Caſes, has our Author at different Times alluded. King *Richard* II.

His Anſwer was, he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a Glove,
And wear it as a Favour.

King *Henry* V.

Here, Uncle Exeter, *fill this* Glove *with Crowns,*
And give it to this Fellow. Keep it, Fellow,
And wear it for an Honour *in thy* Cap.

And, again, in the ſame Play.

K. *Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my* Bonnet; *then if ever thou darſt* acknowledge *it, I will make it my* Quarrel.

Will. *Here's my* Glove.

neſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seſſey:* let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old letcher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

St. Withold *footed thrice the* Wold; (31)
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

(31) Swithold *footed thrice the* old,] What Idea the Editors had, or whether any, of *footing the old*, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious Friend Mr. *Biſhop* ſaw it muſt be *Wold*, which ſignifies a Down, or champion Ground, hilly and void of Wood. And as to St. *Withold*, we find him again mention'd in our Author's *Troubleſom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts:

Sweet St. Withold, *of thy Lenity,*
Defend us from Extremity;

Enter

Enter Glo'ſter, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body;

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been Tom's *food for ſeven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T' obey in all your Daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt, let me talk with this Philoſopher;——
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
Go into th' houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned *Theban:*
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His Wits begin t' unſettle.

Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill*
His Daughters ſeek his death: ah, that good *Kent!*
He ſaid, it would be thus; poor baniſh'd man!—
Thou ſay'ſt, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almoſt mad my ſelf; I had a ſon,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a *Britiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwal, *and* Edmund.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? this is the letter, which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloſter*: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehenſion.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.—[*aſide.*] I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber, in a Farm-houſe.*

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glo. HERE is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (32)

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

(32) Fraterrito *calls me,*] As Mr. *Pope* had begun to inſert ſeveral Speeches in the mad Way, into this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventur'd to replace ſeveral others, which ſtand upon the ſame Footing, and had an equal right of being reſtor'd.

Lear.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the health of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign 'em ſtrait.
Come ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here—now, ye ſhe-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where ſhe ſtands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes
At tryal, Madam?

Come o'er the Broom, Beſſy, *to me.*

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white herrings. Croak not black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you lye down, and reſt upon the Cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their tryal firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o'th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.——

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly Shepherd?
Thy Sheep be in the Corn;
And for one Blaſt of thy minikin Mouth,
Thy Sheep ſhall take no Harm.

Purre, the Cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill.* I here take my Oath before this honourable Aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor King her Father.

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name *Gonerill?*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-ſtool.

Lear.

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warpt Looks proclaim
What ſtore her Heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, ſword, fire, —— Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*; ſee, they bark at me——

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: *Seſſey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*——ſee what breeds about her heart—Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay, they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lye here and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains;
So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms :
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive towr'd *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſt Nature ſleeps: (33)
This Reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken Senſes,
Which, if Conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To* Fool.

Gloſt. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the* King.

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters ſee bearing our Woes,
We ſcarcely think our Miſeries our Foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i'th' Mind;
Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erſkip,
When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowſhip.
How light, and portable, my pain ſeems now,
When That, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—*Tom*, away;
Mark the high Noiſes, and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe Opinion, whoſe wrong Thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt Proof repeals, and reconciles thee.

(33) ——— *oppreſt Nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding Speeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the Old Quarto. The Soliloquy of *Edgar* is extreamly fine; and the Sentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the Subject. Beſides, with Regard to the Stage it is abſolutely neceſſary: For as *Edgar* is not deſign'd, in the Conſtitution of the Play, to attend the King to *Dover*; how abſurd would it look for a Character of his Importance to quit the Scene without one Word ſaid, or the leaſt Intimation what we are to expect from him?

What

What will, hap more to Night; ſafe ſcape the King!
Lurk, Lurk.—— [*Exit* Edgar.

SCENE *changes to* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, *and Servants.*

Corn. POST ſpeedily to my lord your husband, ſhew him this letter; the army of *France* is landed; ſeek out the traitor *Glo'ſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ſter.*

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ſter* hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.
[*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Edm.

Corn. Edmund, farewel: ——go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ſter*;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter

Enter Glo'ſter, *brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?
Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.
Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, con-ſider.
You are my Gueſts: Do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find——
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?
Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee; I'm your Hoſt;
With robber's hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France?*
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors,
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatick King? ſpeak.
Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning——
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glo. To *Dover.*
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Waſt thou not charg'd, at peril——
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* let him firſt anſwer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*

Glo.

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: (34)
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, "good porter, turn the key;
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd; but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine, I'll ſet my foot.
[Glo'ſter *is held down, while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*
Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help.——O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance——
Ser. Hold your hand, my lord:
I've ſerv'd you, ever ſince I was a child;

(34) *And quench'd the* ſteeled *fires.*] The ſagacious Editors have all blunder'd in this Word without the leaſt Variation: It is indiſputable, that the Author muſt have wrote.

And quench'd the ſtelled *fires.*

i. e. the ſtarry Fires; an adjective coin'd from *Stella.* The *Romans* form'd both a Participle active, and Adjective paſſive from this Word.

——— *extemplò, cælo* ſtellante, *ſerena*
Sidera reſpondent in Aquâ radiantia mundi.

Lucret. l. 4.

Hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhenâ *ab ſede profectum*
Aurea nunc ſolio ſtellantis *regia cæli*
Accipit;

Virg. *Æn.* 7.

——*atque illi* ſtellatus *Iaſpide fulvâ*
Enſis erat.

Idem. *Æn.* 4.

I am aware, that neither *ſtellans*, nor *ſtellatus* are entirely adequate in Senſe, or Uſage, to *ſtelled* in our Author. As the Word, however is aptly deriv'd, I hope, *Shakeſpeare* will ſtand protected by *Horace*'s Precept;

Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida Verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

But

But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Fight*; *in the Scuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?
[*Kills him.*
Ser. Oh, I am ſlain—— my lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh— [*Dies.*
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs —— where's my ſon *Edmund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain.
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him!
Reg. Go thruſt him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to *Dover.*
[*Ex. with* Glo'ſter.
How is't, my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.——
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghil.——*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* Corn. *led by* Regan.
1*ſt. Serv.* I'll never care what Wickedneſs I do, (35)
If this Man come to Good.
2*d. Serv.*

(35) *I'll never care what Wickedneſs I do,*] This ſhort Dialogue I have inſerted from the Old Quarto, becauſe I think it full of Nature. Servants,

2*d. Serv.* If She live long,
And, in the End, meet the old courſe of Death,
Women will all turn Monſters. [Iam
1*ſt. Serv.* Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bed-
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh Madneſs
Allows itſelf to any Thing. [Eggs
2*d. Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome Flax and whites of
T' apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *An open Country.*

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
worſt, (36)
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the *beſt*;
The *worſt* returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the *worſt*,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

vants, in any Houſe, could hardly ſee ſuch a Barbarity committed on their Maſter, without Reflections of Pity; and the Vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doctrine well worthy of the Stage.

(36) ——— *To be worſt,*
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune,] This Sentiment is ſo much a-kin to a paſſage in *Ovid*, that it ſeems to be copied directly from it.

——— *Fortuna* miſerrima tuta *eſt*;
Nam timor *Eventûs* deterioris abeſt.

Epiſt. 2. *lib.* 2. *ex* Ponto.

Enter Glo'ſter, *led by an old man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world! (37)
But that thy ſtrange Mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities.——O dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my Touch, (38)
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old

(37) ——— *World, World, O World!*
But that thy ſtrange Mutations make us hate *thee,*] The Reading of this Paſſage, as it has thus ſtood in all the Editions, has been endeavour'd to be explain'd ſeverally into a Meaning; but not ſatisfactorily. Mr. *Pope*'s mock-reaſoning upon it has already been rallied in Print, ſo I forbear to revive it: and the Gentleman, who then advanced a Comment of his own upon the Paſſage, has ſince come over to my Emendation. My Explanation of the Poet's Sentiment was, "If the Number of Changes "and Viciſſitudes, which happen in Life, did not make us *wait*, and "hope for ſome Turn of Fortune for the better, we could never ſupport "the Thought of living to be Old, on any other Terms." And our Duty, as human Creatures, is piouſly inculcated in this Reflection of the Author. *Apollodorus*, the Comic Poet, has left us a moral Precept, upon which *Shakeſpeare*'s Reflection might have very well been grounded.

Οὐδέποθ' ἁθυμεῖν τὸν κακῶς πράττοντα δεῖ,
Ἄνδρες, τὰ βέλτίω γ' προσδοκᾶν ἀεί.

No Body, good People, ought to deſpond under Misfortunes, but always wait *for a* better Turn.

(38) *Might I but live to* ſee thee in my touch,] I cannot but take Notice, that theſe fine *Boldneſſes* of Expreſſion are very infrequent in our *Engliſh* Poetry, tho familiar with the *Greeks* and *Latins*. We have paſs'd another ſignal One in this very Play.

Such

Old Man. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! who is't can ſay, I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe, than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.
Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.
Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelf and others.——Bleſs thee, maſter.
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Such Sheets of Fire, *ſuch Burſts of horrid Thunder,*
Such Groans of roaring Wind and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard.

For tho the Verb *hear* properly anſwers to the *Thunder*, the *Wind*, and *Rain*; yet it does not ſo, but figuratively, to the *Sheets of Fire*. I have obſerv'd an Inſtance of this *implex* Sort, exactly parallel, in the *Hero* and *Leander* of *Muſæus* the Grammarian.

Νηχόμενον τε Λέανδρον, ὁμῶς καὶ λύχνον ἀκούω.
I hear *Leander* ſwim, *the Candle* burn.

The elder Scholiaſt upon *Æſchylus* tells us very judiciouſly, [μεταγαγε τὰς αἰσθήσεις πρὸς τὸ ἐνεργέστερον] that the transferring the Properties of one Senſe to another, was uſed to add the greater Force and Energy. His Remark is upon this Paſſage in the *Seven Captains* before *Thebes*;

Κτύπον δ' ἔδοξα,
Πάταγόν τ' ἀχ ἑνὸς δορός.

Alack! I ſee *the* Sound, *the dreadful* Craſh,
Not of a ſingle Spear.

The late Learned Dr. *Gataker*, in his Treatiſe upon the *Style* of the *New Teſtament*, has amaſs'd Examples of this Figure in Holy Writ, as well as from Heathen Writers, both *Greek* and *Latin*.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome Covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold; — I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt;
Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. (39) Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once; of Luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididen*, Prince of dumbneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Mohu*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women. [plagues

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,

(39) *Five Fiends have been in poor* Tom *at once*;] This Paſſage Mr. *Pope* firſt reſtor'd from the Old 4to; but miſerably mangled, as it is there. I have ſet it right, as it came from our Author, by the Help of Biſhop *Harſenet*'s Pamphlet, already quoted. We find there, all theſe Devils were in *Sarah* and *Friſwood Williams*, Mrs. *Peckham*'s two Chamber-maids; and particularly *Flibbertigibbet*, who made them *mop* and *mow* like Apes, ſays that Author. And to their ſuppos'd *Poſſeſſion*, our Poet is here ſatirically alluding.

And

And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery, thou do'ſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *and* Edmund.

Gon. WELCOME, my lord. I marvel, our mild huſband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your Maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of *Glo'ſter*'s treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh terrour of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my husband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear *Glo'ſter!* [*Exit* Edmund.
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt, which the rude wind
Blows in your face. —— I fear your diſpoſition:
That Nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in it ſelf;
She that her ſelf will ſliver, and diſ-branch, (40)
From her maternal ſap, perforce muſt wither, (41)
And come to deadly uſe. *Gon.*

(40) *She that herſelf will* ſhiver, *and disbranch,*] *Shiver*, in this place ſhould bear the Senſe of *disbranch*; whereas it means, to ſhake; to fly a-pieces into Splinters; in which Senſe he afterwards uſes the Word in this Act;

Thou'd'ſt ſhiver'd *like an Egg*;

So that we may be aſſured, he would not have uſed the Word in ſo contrary and falſe a Senſe here; eſpecially, when there is a proper Word to expreſs the Senſe of *diſbranching*, ſo near this in Sound, and which he uſes in other places, and that is, *ſliver*: which, without doubt, is the true Reading here. So in *Mackbeth*;

——————— *and Slips of Yew,*
Sliver'd *in the Moon's eclipſe*;

And, again, in *Hamlet*;

There on the pendant Boughs, her Coronet Weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious Sliver *broke*;

Mr. *Warburton.*

The old 4to reads *Sliver*. But I owed this Note to my Friend's Sagacity, who never once ſaw that Copy. On the other Hand, what an Inſtance is it of Mr. *Pope*'s Inaccuracy in Collation, who firſt added this Paſſage from the old *Quarto?*

(41) *From her* material *Sap,*] Thus the old 4to; but *material Sap*, I own, is a Phraſe that I don't underſtand. The *Mother-Tree* is the true technical

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.
Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Filths ſavour but themſelves—What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good Brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on it ſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering: that not know'ſt, (42)
Fools do theſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy Drum?
France ſpreads his Banners in our noiſeleſs land,
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
" Alack! why does he ſo?——

technical Term; and conſidering, our Author has ſaid but juſt above, *That Nature, which contemns its* Origine, there is little Room to queſtion but he wrote, —— *From her* maternal *Sap.*
And ſo our beſt Claſſical Writers.
Hic plantas *tenero abſcindens de* corpore matrum; Virg.
And again,
Cum ſemel in ſylvis imâ de ſtirpe reciſum
Matre caret, ——
And *Valerius Flaccus*;
Quæ neque jam frondes, virides neque proferet umbras,
Ut ſemel eſt avulſa *jugis, &* matre *perempta.*
And *Seneca* in his *Trojan* Captives.
Quæ tenera cæſo virga *de trunco ſtetit,*
Par ipſa matri ——
And more Inſtances I might have produced from *Rutgerſius*, in his *Variæ Lection.* l. 4. c. 16.

(42) —— —— —— *that not know'ſt,*
Fools do theſe Villains pity,] This I have retriev'd from the firſt *Quarto.* It ſeems firſt to have been retrench'd by the Players, for Brevity's ſake: but, beſides that the Lines are fine, they admirably diſplay the taunting, termagant Diſpoſition of *Gonerill*, and paint out her Contempt of her Huſband's mild pacifick Spirit.

Alb. See thy ſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted thing! For ſhame, (43)
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones.——Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.——
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, my good lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead:
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ſter.*
Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!
Meſ. A ſervant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his ſword
To his great maſter: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You Juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ſter!*
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.
Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

(43) *Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted Thing!*] This Reply of *Albany* to his imperious Wife was likewiſe retrench'd; but ought not for the future to be loſt to our Author.

Alb.

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He's not here.
Meſ. No, my good lord, I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?
Meſ. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.
Alb. *Glo'ſter*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Dover.

Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. THE King of *France* ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his Return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?
Gent. The Mareſchal of *France*, Monſieur *le Far.*
Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?
Gent. I, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.
Kent. O, then it mov'd her.——
Gent. But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once: —her Smiles and Tears (44)
Were

(44) ——————*her Smiles and Tears*
Were like a better day.] Mr. *Pope*, who thought fit to reſtore this Scene from

Were like a wetter *May*. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her Eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.——In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion? [*Father*

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the Name of
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters!—Shame of Ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! Father! Siſters! what? i'th' ſtorm? i'th' night?
Let Pity ne'er believe it!—there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;
And, Clamour-motion'd, then away ſhe ſtarted (45)
To

from the old 4to, tacitly ſunk this Paſſage upon us, becauſe he did not underſtand it. Indeed, it is corrupt; and he might have done himſelf ſome Honour in attempting the Cure; but *Rhyme* and *Criticiſm*, he has convinc'd us, do not always center in the ſame Perſon. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* with very happy Sagacity ſtruck out the Emendation, which I have inſerted in the Text. And in Confirmation of it I muſt obſerve, that it is very familiar with our Poet, in the Deſcription of Perſons, to allude to the Seaſons of the Year. To give a few Inſtances;

Much Ado about *Nothing*.

Deſpight his nice Fence and his active Practice,
His May *of Youth and Bloom of Luſtihood.*

Rich. 2d.

My Queen to France, *from whence, ſet forth in Pomp,*
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back, like Hallowmas, *or ſhorteſt day.*

Timon *of* Athens;

She whom the Spittle-houſe and ulc'rous Sores
Would caſt the Gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' April *day again.*

Hamlet;

——— *O Roſe of* May!
Dear Maid! kind Siſter! &c.

(45) *And Clamour*-moiſten'd,] This Paſſage, again, Mr. *Pope* ſunk upon us; and for the ſame Reaſon, I ſuppoſe. Mr. *Warburton* diſcover'd likewiſe, that this was corrupt: for tho *Clamour*, (as he obſerves,) may diſtort the Mouth, it is not wont to moiſten the Eyes. But clamour-*motioned* conveys a very beautiful Idea of Grief in *Cordelia*, and exactly in Character. She bore her Grief hitherto, ſays the Relater, in Silence; but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in Groans and Cries, ſhe flies away and retires to her Cloſet to deal with it in private. This He finely calls, *Clamour-motion'd*; or provok'd to a loud

Expreſſion

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. ——It is the Stars,
The Stars above us, govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed *Lear*'s in town;
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him; his unkindneſs,
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; Theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman! [not?

Kent. Of *Albany*'s, and *Cornwall*'s Pow'rs you heard

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe
Will in Concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter Cordelia, *Phyſician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. ALACK, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud;

Expreſſion of her Sorrow, which drives her from Company! —— It is not impoſſible, but *Shakeſpeare* might have form'd this fine Picture of *Cordelia*'s Agony from Holy Writ, in the Conduct of *Joſeph*; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the Vehemence of his Affection, commanded all his Retinue from his Preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcover'd himſelf to his Brethren.

Crown'd

Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds, (46)
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
Our foſter nurſe of nature, is repoſe;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs! ſeek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam:
The *Britiſh* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.

(46) *Crown'd with rank* Fenitar;] There is no ſuch Herb, or Weed, that I can find, of *Engliſh* Growth; tho all the Copies agree in the Corruption. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd its right Name; and we meet with it again in our Author's *Henry* V. and partly in the ſame Company as we have it here;

——————— *her fallow Leas*
The darnel, hemlock, *and* rank fumitory
Do root upon.

For this Weed is call'd both *Fumitory* and *Fumiterr*, nearer to the *French* Derivation *Fume-terre:* which the Latin Shopmen term *Fumaria.* It is the ſame, which by *Pliny* (from *Dioſcorides* and the other *Greek* Phyſicians) is named καπνὸς: becauſe the Juice of it has the Effect, which *Smoke* has, of making the Eyes water. And as to the Growth of it, *Pliny* tells us particularly that it ſprings up in Gardens and Fields of Barley; (*Naſcitur in hortis et ſegetibus hordeaceis*) which our Author here calls, in *our ſuſtaining Corn.*—— I obſerve, in *Chaucer* it is written *Femetere*; by a Corruption either of the Scribe, or of vulgar Pronunciation; if of the latter, it might from thence eaſily ſlide, in progreſs of time, into *Fenitar.*

Cor.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Regan's *Palace.*

Enter Regan, *and Steward.*

Reg. BUT are my Brother's Powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much adoe.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your lady at home?
Stew. No, Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ſter*'s eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th' enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to morrow: ſtay with us:
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, Madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?* might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something——— I know not what ——— I'll love
thee much ———
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather———

Reg. I know, your lady do's not love her husband:
I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund.* I know, you're of her bosom.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Country, near* Dover.

Enter Glo'ster, *and* Edgar *as a Peasant.*

Glo. WHEN shall I come to th' top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how [we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Sure, you're better spoken. [fearful
Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place—stand still. How
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Shew

Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one, that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſher-men, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
Here, friend,'s another purſe, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs Wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*

Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life it ſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.——Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs, indeed——yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die. [air,

Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but Goſs'mer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude, (47)
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end it ſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo—how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea:
It was ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours (48)
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear

(47) *Ten Maſts* attach'd—] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading; but I know not from what Authority. Mr. *Rowe* gave it us, *Ten Maſts* at leaſt—— a poor, dragging Expreſſion. All the old Copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the Text, *Ten Maſts* at each.

'Tis certain, 'tis a bold Phraſe, but I dare warrant, it was our Author's; and means, Ten Maſts placed at the Extremity of each other.

(48) *Think, that the* deareſt *Gods*—] This too is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading. All the authentick Copies have it, *clearefl Gods*; i. e. open, and righteous, in their Dealings. So, our Author again, in his *Timon*;

Roots, ye clear Heav'ns!

Affliction

Affliction, 'till it do cry out it ſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend— he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, *dreſt madly with Flowers.*

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning: I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-mony. (49) That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't——there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! (50) i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

(49) *That Fellow handles his Bow like a* Cowkeeper.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his laſt Edition; but I am afraid, I betray'd him into the Error by an abſurd Conjecture of my own, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*. 'Tis certain we muſt read *Crowkeeper* here; as likewiſe in this Paſſage of *Romeo* and *Juliet*:

We'll have no Cupid *hooded with a Scarf,*
Bearing a Tartar's *painted Bow of Lath,*
Scaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.

And, it ſeems, in ſeveral Counties to this day, they call a ſtuff'd Figure, repreſenting a Man, and arm'd with a Bow and Arrow, (ſet up to fright the Crows, and other Birds of Prey, from the Fruit and Corn;) a *Crow-keeper*; as well as a *Scare-crow*. To ſome ſuch Figure our Author again alludes in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*.

We muſt not make a Scare-crow *of the Law,*
Setting it up to fear the Birds of Prey,
And let it keep one Shape, till Cuſtom make it
Their Perch, *and not their* Terror.

But *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Bonduca* have a Paſſage which will excellently well explain our Author's Reading.

——————*Can theſe fight? They look*
Like empty Scabbards all; no Metal in 'em:
Like Men of Clouts, *ſet to* keep Crows *from* Orchards;

(50) *O well flown* Bird,] *Lear* is here raving of *Archery*, and ſhooting at *Buts*, as is plain by the Words *i'th' Clout*, that is, the *white* Mark they ſet

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* hah! *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid—— Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded flie does letcher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ſter*'s baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yon ſimpering Dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks preſages ſnow; that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear of pleaſure's name. The fitchew, nor the ſoyled horſe goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waſte they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

ſet up and aim at: hence the Phraſe, to *hit the White*. So that We muſt certainly read, *O well-flown*, Barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* Arrow. Mr. *Warburton*.

Glo.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall ſo wear out to naught. Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? no, do thy worſt, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee, how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? (51)

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.——

(51) *Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a Beggar?* &c.] This exquiſite Piece of Satire, dreſt up in a Figure and Method of *Imagining* from abſent Circumſtances, has greatly the Air of Imitation from the Antients. It is that ſort of Figure, by which (as *Minturnus* has obſerv'd in his elaborate Treatiſe *De Poetâ*) *oſtenditur interdum, quaſi ante oculos ſit, ficta Imago:* a feign'd Image of Things is ſometimes repreſented, as if really in View. *Plautus* is very full of this Imagery: and I'll ſubjoin two Inſtances that have very much the Caſt of this in our Author, only more ludicrous in their Turn: In his *Menæchmei*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

Men. Dic *mihi*, nunquàm tu vidiſti *tabulam pictam in pariete*,
Ubi Aquila Catamitum raperet, aut ubi Venus Adoneum?
Pen. Sæpè. *Sed quid iſtæ Picturæ ad me attinent?*
Men. Age, me aſpice.

And in his *Moſtellaria*. Act 3. Sc. 2.

Tra. Viden' *pictum, ubi ludificatur Cornix una volturios duo?*
Cornix aſtat, ea volturios duo viciſſim vellicat.
Quæſo, huc ad me ſpecta, *cornicem ut conſpicere poſſies.*

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou do'ſt not. [harder, ſo.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder,

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ſter*;
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark——

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great Stage of fools.——This a good block!—
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A troop of horſe with Felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all my ſelf?
Why this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,

And

And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Maſters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your Will?
Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir: That's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*
Edg. I thank you, Sir.
Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?
Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot, and boot!——

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thy ſelf remember: the ſword is out,
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like Hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter:* ſeek him out
Upon the *Engliſh* party, Oh, untimely death!——
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee———
By your leave, gentle wax—— and manners blame us not:
To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant, Gonerill.

Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's Will! (52)
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murth'rous letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious Feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;

[*Drum afar off.*

(52) *Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd Space of Woman's* Will!] This is the Reading of the firſt *Folio*, which Mr. *Pope* very unhappily degrades, and ſubſtitutes, *Wit*, the miſtaken Reading of the 1ſt *Quarto*. What Idea he form'd to himſelf of the *undiſtinguiſh'd Space* of a Woman's *Wit*, I can't tell; I am quite at a loſs to underſtand any Meaning in it. But the other Reading gives us, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves to me, a moſt elegant Expreſſion, and moſt ſatirical Thought: and more delicate than the—*Varium & mutabile ſemper Fœmina*—of VIRGIL. 'Tis not the Extravagance, but the Mutability, of a Woman's Will that is here ſatiriz'd. The Change of which (our Author would be underſtood to ſay,) is ſo ſpeedy, that there is no Space of time, no Diſtance, between the preſent Will and the next; but it is an undiſtinguiſh'd Space. This Sentiment may not be ill explain'd further from what honeſt *Sancho*, in Don *Quixote*, with infinite Humour ſays upon the Subject. *Entre el* Si *y el* No *de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d' Alfiler*. Betwixt a Woman's *Yea*, and *No*, I would not undertake to thruſt a Pin's Point.

And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Phyſician.*

Cor. O, thou good *Kent*, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy Goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited;
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo,
My lord.——How does the King? [*To the* Phyſician.
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by ſervants.*

Phyſ. Ay, Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! Reſtauration, hang

Thy

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted Thunder? (53)
In the moſt terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick, croſs Lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,
With this thin Helm?—My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhou'd have ſtood That Night
Againſt my fire: And waſt thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; ſpeak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide——
Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity,
To See another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: would, I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me;

(53) *To ſtand againſt the deep,*] The following three Lines and an half, in no wiſe unworthy of our Author, I have reſtor'd from the Old 4to.

I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And ſo I am; I am.——— [not.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you, weep
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good Madam; the great Rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him:——and, yet, 'twere Danger
To make him even o'er the Time, h'as loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and fooliſh. [*Exeunt* Lear, Cord. Phyſ. *and Attendants.*

Manent Kent *and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlain? (54)

(54) Gent. *Holds it true, Sir?*] This ſhort Dialogue, which was retrench'd by the Players in their Edition, I have reſtor'd from the Old 4to. The Matter of it is natural and eaſie; and tho' the Language be not pompous, it is to the Subject: and the Uncertainty of common Report, with Regard to *Kent* and *Edgar*, muſt be very pleaſing to the Audience, who knew how Rumour was miſtaken in repreſenting them to be abroad.

Kent.

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the Baſtard Son of *Glo'ſter.*

Gent. They ſay, *Edgar*, his baniſht Son, is with the Earl of *Kent* in *Germany.*

Kent. Report is changeable; 'Tis time to look about: the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrement is like to be bloody.—Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Kent. My Point and Period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought.

[*Exit* Kent.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Camp.*

Enter Edmund, Regan, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

EDMUND.

KNOW of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught,
To change the courſe? he's full of Alteration,
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure. (55)

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

(55) ——— *he's full of Alteration,*
And ſelf-reproving brings *his conſtant Pleaſure.*] Thus in the Impreſſions by Mr. *Pope* is this Paſſage moſt nonſenſically read, and pointed. But ſome better Copies have aſſiſted to ſet it right.

Edm.

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her husband ——

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I'd rather loſe the Battle, than that Siſter (56)
Should looſen him and Me. — [*aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this buſineſs, (57)
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,)——

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.

Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your Tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Antient of war

(56) Gon. *I'd rather loſe the Battle,——*] This I have reſtor'd from the Old 4to; and, conſidering the Jealouſy of the Princeſſes on each Side, it comes very naturally from *Gonerill,* upon her ſeeing *Regan* and *Edmund* together: as well as helps to mark the Buſineſs going on, to the Reader.

(57) ——————for *this buſineſs,*
It touches us, as France *invades our land,*
Not holds the King, with Others whom I fear
Moſt juſt and heavy Cauſes make oppoſe,] I have made a ſlight Variation in theſe Lines, which are added from the old 4to. *Albany*'s Speech ſeems interrupted, before finiſh'd: and this I take to be the Purport of what he was going to ſay. "Before We fight this Battle, Sir, it concerns me, "(tho' not the King, and the diſcontented Party;) to queſtion about "your Intereſt in our Siſter, and the Event of the War."—— And *Regan* and *Gonerill,* in their Replies, both ſeem apprehenſive that this Subject was coming into Debate.

On

On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray you, go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar *disguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you:—— ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. *and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay, 'till I've read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonerill*;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battel; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe

His

His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another open Field.*

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and ſoldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Glo'ſter.

Edg. HERE, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good Hoſt; pray, that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarum, and retreat, within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in Conqueſt, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as priſoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?

Lear.

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i'th' cage:
When thou doſt ask me Bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee Forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of Great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch Sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The good-jers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Ex.* Lear *and* Cordelia *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a ſword; My great employment (58)
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

(58) ——— thy *great Employment*
Will not bear Queſtion;] All the Copies concur in reading thus; but, without doubt, erroneouſly. The Perſon, whom *Edmund* is here ſpeaking to, was of no higher Degree than a Captain; and therefore, certainly, accountable to his Superiours. *Edmund*, 'tis plain, muſt mean; "I lead-"ing one of the Conquerors' Forces, and having employ'd thee in this "Buſineſs, will be thy ſufficient Warrant, and will ſecure Thee from be-"ing queſtion'd about it."

Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives,
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide;
And turn our impreſt launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion. At this time,
We ſweat and bleed; the Friend hath loſt his Friend;
And the beſt Quarrels, in the Heat, are curſt
By thoſe that feel their Sharpneſs. ——
The Queſtion of *Cordelia*, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place. (59)

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our Pow'rs;
Bore the Commiſſion of my Place and Perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelf your brother.

(59) —— —— *at this time,*
We ſweat and bleed; &c.] Theſe very neceſſary Lines I have reſtor'd from the Old 4to. and they were, certainly, firſt left out by the Indiſcretion of the *Players*, merely for the Sake of ſhortning. But without them, as *Edmund*'s Speech is made to end, 'tis plain, he does not pretend to adviſe, but ſubmits the whole Proceſs to *Albany*. How abſurdly then does the other reply, that *he holds* Edmund *but a Subject of the War?*

Gon.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my Right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the World, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The Lett alone lyes not in your good Will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my Title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy Arreſt,
This gilded Serpent: for your Claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude! ——
Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ſter*; let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my Pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O ſick ————
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*
Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.
Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.
[*Exit* Reg. *led.*

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF *any man of Quality, or Degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon* Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.* 1 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers, within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?
Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the Adverſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adverſary?
Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter?*
Edm. Himſelf; what ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine: ——
Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

Edm. In Wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name;
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'Say of Breeding breathes;
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where thou ſhalt reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.

[*Alarum. Fight.*

Gon. O, ſave him, ſave him; This is Practice, *Gloſter:* (60)
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

(60) Alb. *Save him, ſave him.*
Gon. *This is Practice,* Gloſter:] Thus all the Copies have diſtinguiſh'd theſe Speeches: but I have ventur'd to place the two Hemiſtichs to *Gonerill.* 'Tis abſurd, that *Albany,* who knew *Edmund*'s Treaſons, and his own Wife's Paſſion for him, ſhould be ſollicitous to have his Life ſav'd.

Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?
Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not, what I know —— [*Exit* Gon.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, That I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Edm. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gate did propheſie
A royal Nobleneſs; I muſt embrace thee: ——
Let Sorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!——
The bloody Proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-man's rags; t' aſſume a Semblance,
The very Dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,

Not

Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the Conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good; but ſpeak you on,
You look, as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. ——This would have ſeem'd a Period, (61)
To ſuch as love not Sorrow: but Another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top Extremity!——
Whilſt I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſer State,
Shun'd my abhorr'd Society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong Arms
He faſten'd on my Neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burſt Heaven; threw him on my Father;
Told the moſt piteous Tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever Ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His Grief grew puiſſant, and the Strings of Life
Began to crack.——Twice then the Trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunc'd.——

(61) Edg. *This would have ſeem'd a Period*, &c.] This fine and neceſſary Deſcription I have thought fit to reſtore from the Old 4to; as it artfully opens to *Albany* the Concealment of *Kent* at home, during his Baniſhment; and gives a beautiful Picture of the Emotions that good Old Man felt for the Death of his Friend *Glo'ſter*, and the Piety of *Edgar* towards his diſtreſt Father. *Edmund* had taken Notice, that *Edgar* ſeem'd to have ſomething more to ſay; but *Albany* was already ſo touch'd with Compaſſion, that he was for hearing of no more Sorrow. From the different Behaviour of theſe two different Characters, with how exquiſite a Reflection, drawn from the very Fountain of Nature, has our Poet furniſh'd his Introduction to *Edgar*'s ſecond Narrative! As the Paſſage firſt was left out by the Players, in their Edition; we are not to doubt, but it was one of their judicious Retrenchments. However that be, ſome Readers, I am perſwaded, will owe me their Thanks for retrieving it to the Author.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the baniſh'd *Kent*, who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service
Improper for a Slave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks; it came even from the heart
Of ——— O! ſhe's dead.——

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[Goneril *and* Regan's *Bodies brought out.*
This Judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.—O! is this He?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
See'ſt thou this Object, *Kent?*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew her ſelf.

Alb. Even ſo; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; ſome Good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief) into the Caſtle; for my Writ

Is

Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run——
Edg. To whom, my lord? who has the office?
Send thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on, take my ſword,
Give it the Captain——
Edg. Haſte thee for thy life. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Edm. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.
Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
[Edmund *is born off.*

Enter Lear, *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,—— O you are men of ſtone,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That heaven's vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever!
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glaſs,
If that her Breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd End?
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all ſorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away——
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, ſtay a little. Ha!——
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave, that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,

And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' beſt.— I'll tell you ſtrait.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. Are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant *Kent*;
Where is your ſervant *Caius?*
Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that, (62)
He'd ſtrike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man,——
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps——
Lear. You're welcome hither. [dead:
Kent. Nor no man elſe;— all's cheerleſs, dark, and
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it,
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Edmund* is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What Comfort to this great Decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute Power: to you, your Rights,
[*To* Edgar.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee——

(62) He's a *good Fellow, I can tell you that,*
He'll *ſtrike and quickly too:* he's dead and rotten.] We have ſeen *Lear* mad; but, never, a ſtark Fool till this Moment; to tell us, that a dead and rotten Man will ſtrike quickly. But it was a Stupidity of the Editors, and not chargeable on the Poet.

Lear.

Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never——
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips, (63)
Look there, look there—— [*He Dies.*

Edg.

(63) *Do you ſee this? Look on her, look on her Lips;*
Look there, look there.——] Our Poet has taken the Liberty in the Cataſtrophe of this Play to depart from the *Chronicles*; in which *Lear* is ſaid to be reinſtated in his Throne by *Cordelia*, and to have reign'd upwards of two Years after his Reſtoration. He might have done This for two Reaſons. Either, to heighten the Compaſſion towards the poor old King: or to vary from another, but moſt execrable, Dramatic Performance upon this Story: which I certainly believe to have preceded our Author's Piece, and which none of our Stage-Hiſtorians appear to have had any Knowledge of. The Edition, which I have of it, bears this Title. *The true* Chronicle *Hiſtory of King* LEIR, *and his three Daughters*, Gonorill, Ragan, *and* Cordella. *As it hath bene divers and ſundry times lately acted.* London; *Printed by* Simon Stafford *for* John Wright, *and are to be ſold at his Shop at Chriſtes Church dore next* Newgate *Market.* 1605. That *Shakeſpeare*, however, may ſtand acquitted from the leaſt Suſpicion of Plagiariſm, in the Opinion of his Readers, I'll ſubjoin a ſmall Taſte of this other anonymous Author's Abilities both in Conduct and Diction. *Leir*, with one *Perillus* his Friend, embarks for *France* to try what Reception he ſhould find from his Daughter *Cordella*. When they come aſhore, neither of them has a Rag of Money: and they are forc'd to give their Cloaks to the Mariners to pay for their Paſſage. This, no doubt, our Playwright intended for a Maſtery in Diſtreſs: as he muſt think it a notable Fetch of Invention to bring the King and Queen of *France* diſguis'd like Ruſticks, travelling a long way on Foot into the Woods, with a Basket of Proviſions, only that they may have the caſual Opportunity of relieving *Leir* and *Perillus* from being ſtarv'd. Now for a little Specimen of Style, and Dignity of Thinking. *Cordella*, now Queen of *France*, and in her own Palace, comes in and makes this pathetick Soliloquy.

I have been over negligent to day
In going to the Temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his Benefits,
Which he miraculouſly hath beſtow'd on me;
In raiſing me out of my mean eſtate,
Whenas I was devoyd of worldly Friends;
And placing me in ſuch a ſweet Content,
As far exceeds the Reach of my Deſerts.
My kingly Husband, myrrour of his Time,

For

Edg. He faints; my lord,——

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurpt his life.

For Zeal, for Juſtice, Kindneſs, and for Care,
To God, his Subjects, Me, and Common weale,
By his Appointment was ordayn'd for me.
I cannot wiſh the Thing that I do want;
I cannot want the Thing, but I may have;
Save only This which I ſhall ne're obtayne,
My Father's Love; Oh, This I ne're ſhall gayne.
I would abſtayne from any nutryment,
And pyne my body to the very bones:
Barefoote I would on pilgrimage ſet forth,
Unto the furtheſt Quarters of the Earth,
And all my Life time would I ſackcloth weare,
And mourning-wiſe powre duſt upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would pleaſe,
That his gray haires might go to heaven in Peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein juſtly I've deſerved Blame.
Oh Siſters! You are much to blame in This;
It was not He, but You, that did me Wrong.
Yet, God forgive both Him, and You, and Me,
Ev'n as I do in perfect Charity.
I will to Church, and pray unto my Saviour,
That, e're I dye, I may obtayne his Favour. [Exit.

This is, ſurely, ſuch Poetry as one might hammer out, *Stans pede in uno*; or, as our Author ſays, "it is the right Butter-Woman's Rank to Mar-"ket: and a Man might verſify you ſo eight years together, dinners, "and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted."—— Again, *Shakeſpeare* was too well vers'd in *Holingſhead* not to know, that King *Lear* reign'd above 800 years before the Period of Chriſtianity. The Gods his King talks of are *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*; and not any Deities more modern than his own Time. Licentious as he was in Anachroniſms, he would have judg'd it an unpardonable Abſurdity to have made a *Briton* of *Cordella*'s time talk of her *Saviour*. And, his not being trapt into ſuch ridiculous Slips of Ignorance, ſeems a plain Proof to me that he ſtole neither from his Predeceſſors, nor Contemporaries of the *Engliſh* Theatre, both which abounded in them.

Alb.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State ſuſtain.
Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay, no. [*Dies.*
Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey, (64)
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath born moſt; we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.
[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

(64) Alb. *The Weight of this ſad Time,* &c.] This Speech from the Authority of the Old 4to is rightly plac'd to *Albany:* in the Edition by the Players it is given to *Edgar,* by whom, I doubt not, it was of Cuſtom ſpoken. And the Caſe was this: He who play'd *Edgar,* being a more favourite Actor, than he who perſonated *Albany*; in Spight of Decorum, it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt Word.

TIMON

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMON, *a noble* Athenian.
Lucius, } *two flattering Lords.*
Lucullus, }
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, }
Lucilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Servilius, }
Caphis, }
Varro, }
Philo, } *ſeveral Servants to Uſurers.*
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortenſius, }
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Cupid *and Maskers.*

Phrynia, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.
Timandra, }

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers ſervants and attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON of *ATHENS.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at ſeveral doors.*

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold Record not matches? ſee,
(Magick of Bounty!) all theſe Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were

To

To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.
He paſſes ——
Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't:
For the lord *Timon*, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate: but for that——
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome Work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not, 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes it ſelf,——and like the current flies
Each Bound it chaſes. What have you there? (1)
Pain. A picture, Sir:— when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.

(1) *Each Bound it* chaſes.—] How, *chaſes?* The Flood, indeed, beating up upon the Shore, covers a Part of it, but cannot be ſaid to drive the Shore away. The Poet's Alluſion is to a Wave, which, foaming and chafing on the Shore, breaks; and then the Water ſeems to the Eye to retire. So, in *Lear*,

——————*The murmuring Surge,*
That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebbles chaſes, &c.

And ſo in *Jul. Cæſar*.

The troubled Tiber, chafing *with his Shores.*

Pain.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a Touch——is't good?
Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors Nature; artificial ſtrife
Lives in thoſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!
Poet. The Senators of *Athens*! happy man! (2)
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſiters.
I have, in this rough Work ſhap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax; no levell'd malice
Infects one Comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their Service to lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Baſe o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,

(2) *Happy* Men!] Thus the printed Copies: but I cannot think the Poet meant, that the Senators were happy in being admitted to *Timon*; their Quality might command That: but that *Timon* was happy in being follow'd, and careſs'd, by thoſe of their Rank and Dignity.

That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of *Timon*'s frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope. (3)
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,
With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with tendance;
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear;
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop; and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune

(3) *'Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope*
This Throne, this Fortune, &c.] Thus all the Editors hitherto have nonſenſically writ, and pointed, this Paſſage. But, ſure, the Painter would tell the Poet, your Conception, Sir, hits the very Scope you aim at. This the *Greeks* would have render'd, τῦ σκοπῦ τυχεῖς, *rectà ad Scopum tendis:* and *Cicero* has thus expreſs'd on the like Occaſion, *Signum oculis deſtinatum feris.* This Senſe our Author, in his *Henry* 8th, expreſſes;

I think, you've hit the Mark.

And in his *Julius Cæſar,* at the Concluſion of the firſt Act;

Him, and his Worth, and our great Need of him,
You have right well conceited.

More

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Timon, *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every ſuitor.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you? [*To a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* well——
I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Meſ. Your lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſs to your Honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I have ſo: what of him?

Old Ath. Moſt noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius!* ——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
My ſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon.* (4)
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity's in youth.
Tim. Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the preſent, in future all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip: never may

(4) *Therefore he will be,* Timon.] The Thought is cloſely expreſs'd, and obſcure: but this ſeems the Meaning. "If the Man be honeſt, "my Lord, for that Reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour "at the Injuſtice of gaining my Daughter without my Conſent."
Mr. *Warburton.*

That ſtate, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and old* Athenian.
Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but out-ſide: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. I like your Work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; Give me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your Jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.
Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their maſters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear it with your lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow;
When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves, thou know'ſt them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this Picture, *Apemantus?*

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the Painter: and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Not ſo well as Plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking —— How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy ſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had ſo hungry a wit, to be a lord.— (5) Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence,
'Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſie! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed

(5) *That I had* no angry *Wit to be a Lord.*] This Reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But as I have reſtor'd the Text, it is ſatyrical enough of all Conſcience, and to the Purpoſe: *viz.* I would hate myſelf, for having no more Wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a Title. In the ſame Senſe *Shakeſpeare* uſes *lean-witted,* in his *Richard* 2d.

And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, *Fool.*

Mr. *Warburton.*

Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
E're we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time (6)
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omitt'ſt it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon*'s feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy ſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or —— I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' aſs.

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in, and taſte lord *Timon*'s bounty?
He, ſure, outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it ſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! ſhall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

(6) *E're we* depart,——] Tho the Editions concur in this Reading, it is certainly faulty. Who *depart?* Tho *Alcibiades* was to leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to depart from his own Houſe. Common Senſe favours my Emendation.

SCENE,

SCENE, *another Apartment in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing, loud muſick. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *ſenators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. MOST honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our Betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; I my ſelf would have no Power—pr'ythee let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men!
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readieſt man to kill him. 'Thas been prov'd.
Were I a Great man, I ſhould fear, to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire: This and my food are equal, there's no odds; Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's *grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but my ſelf;
Grant, I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.

Amen.

Amen, Amen; So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think our ſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet Inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid *with a Masque of ladies, as* Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! The five beſt Senſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom: [riſe, (7)
Th' Ear, Taſte, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table
Theſe only now come but to feaſt thine eyes. [tance.
Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admit-
Let muſick make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this [way!
They dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyl and root.
We make our ſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpight and envy——

(7) *There taſte, touch, all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:*
They only now—] The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here ſupply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. The five Senſes, as he obſerves, are talk'd of by *Cupid*, but only Three of them made out; and thoſe in a very heavy, unintelligible Manner. But now you have them all, and the Poet's Senſe, compleat, *viz.* The five Senſes, *Timon*, acknowledge thee their Patron; Four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taſte, and Smell, are all regaled at your Board; and theſe Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight, in preſenting a Maſque.

Who

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one Spurn to their graves
Of their friends gift?——
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt the ſetting ſun.

The lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; *each ſingling out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius?

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him——well——i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could: (8)
'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind;

That

(8) ——*he'd be* croſs'd *then if he could:*] The Poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd*, or thwarted in Humour; but that he would have his Hand *croſs'd*, as we ſay, with Money, if he could. He is playing on the Word, and alluding to our old Silver-penny, uſed before K. *Edward* the 1ſt his Time, which had a *Croſs* on the Reverſe with a Creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into Halves and Quarters, *Half-pence* and *Farthings*. From this Penny, and other ſubſequent Pieces that bore the like Impreſs, was our common Expreſſion deriv'd, *I have not a* Croſs *about me*; i. e. not a Piece of Money. I thought, this Note might not be

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

Lucul. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you; look, my lord,
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts,——

All. So are we all. [*Ex.* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Enter a ſervant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another ſervant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.

be unneceſſary, becauſe it ſerves to explain ſeveral other Paſſages, where the Poet has *punn'd* on this Term. For Inſtance, in the 2d Part of *Henry* IVth. *Falſtaffe* asking the *Lord Chief Juſtice* to lend him a thouſand Pounds, he replies;

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear Croſſes.

In *Love's Labour loſt*;

Arm. *I love not to be* croſs'd.

Moth. *He ſpeaks the clean contrary:*
Croſſes love not him.

And in *As you like it*;

Clown. ——— *Yet I ſhould bear no* Croſs, *if I did bear you: for, I think, you have no* Money *in your Purſe.*

In all which Places, 'tis clear, that *Money* is ſignified by the Word *Croſſes.*

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third ſervant.

How now? what news?

3 *Ser.* Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow to hunt with him, and has ſent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate, [word:
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt; he owes for ev'ry
He is ſo kind, that he pays intereſt for't:
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than Such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay Courſer I rode on.
'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defie land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound——

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord *Timon*——

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt lords.*

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums! (9)
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long,

(9) Serving *of* becks,] I have not ventur'd to alter this Phraſe, tho I confeſs freely, I don't underſtand it. It may be made intelligible two Ways, with a very ſlight Alteration. Mr. *Warburton* acutely propos'd to me,

Serring *of Becks*, ———

from the *French* Word *ſerrer*, to join cloſe together, to lock one within another; by a *Metaphor* taken from the *billing of Pigeons*, who interſert their *Bills* into one another.—— Or, we might read,

Scruing *of* Backs, *and jutting out of Bums!* For *Apemantus* is obſerving on the ridiculous *Congées*, and complimental Motions of the flattering Gueſts in taking their Leave. Both Conjectures are ſubmitted to Judgment.

Timon,

Timon, (10) I fear me, thou wilt give away thy ſelf in paper ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vainglories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So —— (11) thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh, that mens ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

(10) *I fear me, thou wilt give away thyſelf in* paper *ſhortly.*] i. e. be ruin'd by his Securities entred into. But this Senſe, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, is cold; and reliſhes very little of that Salt which is in *Apemantus*'s other Reflections. He propoſes,

—— *give away thyſelf in* proper *ſhortly.*

i. e. in Perſon; thy proper Self. This latter is an Expreſſion of our Author's in the *Tempeſt*;

And ev'n with ſuch like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves.

And of *B. Jonſon* in the Induction to his *Cynthia*'s Revells;

——— *If you pleaſe to confer with our Author by Attorney, you may, Sir: our* proper Self *here ſtands for him.*

And the other Phraſe, *thy ſelf in proper* — without the Subſtantive ſubjoin'd, I believe, may be juſtified by ſimilar Uſage.

B. Jonſon in his *Sejanus*;

My Lords, this ſtrikes at ev'ry Roman's private.

i. e. private Property, or Intereſt. And again, in the ſame Play;

Macro, *thou art ingag'd; and what before*
Was publick, now muſt be thy private.

i. e. thy private Concern. And, to quote one Authority from an Author of more modern Date;

Milton in his *Paradiſe loſt*, B. 7. v. 367.

By Tincture, or Reflection, they augment
Their ſmall peculiar.

i. e. peculiar Body, or Brightneſs: for it is ſpoken of the Stars.

(11) *Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.*
I'll lock thy Heaven from thee.] So, in *Cymbeline*, *Imogen* ſays;

——————— *if he ſhould write,*
And I not have it, 'tis a Paper loſt
As offer'd Mercy is.

i. e. not to be retriev'd. In both theſe Paſſages our Poet is alluding to a *Theological* Opinion, that the *Holy Spirit* by ſecret Whiſpers in the Mind, the ſtill Voice, inward Suggeſtions, offers its Aſſiſtance very often when it is not attended to: either when Men are drag'd away by the Violence of the

ACT II.

SCENE, *A publick place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former Sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—— Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſe. No porter at his gate; (12)

the Paſſions, or blinded by too great Attention to worldly Avocations. This by Divines is call'd the Loſs of offer'd Mercy: and when it is for a Length of Time rejected, or disregarded, the Offender's caſe is look'd upon to be the more deſperate. Mr. *Warburton.*

(12) *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtreight*

An *able horſe*,] The Stupidity of this Corruption will be very obvious, if we take the whole Context together. "If I want *Gold*, (ſays the *Sena-*" *tor*) let me ſteal a Beggar's Dog, and give it to *Timon*, the Dog coins "me *Gold*. If I would ſell my *horſe*, and had a Mind to buy *ten* better "inſtead of him; why, I need but give my Horſe to *Timon*, to gain this "Point; and it preſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the Point propos'd? Senſe and Reaſon warrant the Reading, that I have reſtor'd to the Text. The firſt *Folio* reads, leſs corruptly than the modern Impreſſions,

—— And *able* Horſes. ——

Which Reading, join'd to the Reaſoning of the Paſſage, gave me the Hint for this Emendation.

But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by it. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in Safety. *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleaſure?
Sen. Get on your Cloak, and haſte you to lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with
'*Commend me to your maſter*——and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: —but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
Who flaſhes now a Phœnix——get you gone.
Cap. I go, Sir.
Sen. I go, Sir? —take the bonds along with you, (13)
And have the dates in Compt.
Cap. I will, Sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

(13) ——— *take the Bonds along with you,*
And have the Dates in. Come.] The Abſurdity of this Paſſage is ſo glaring, that One cannot help wondering, None of our Poet's Editors ſhould have been ſagacious enough to ſtumble at it. Certainly, ever ſince Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And theſe Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their payment was laps'd. The *Senator*'s Charge to his Servant muſt be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Intereſt due upon them. Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to acknowledge my Emendation, and cry *rectè* to it in the Appendix to his laſt Impreſſion.

SCENE *changes to* Timon's *hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. NO care, no ſtop? ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never Mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done? —— he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Cap. It is; and yours too, *Iſidore?*

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, *and his train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.
My *Alcibiades.*——Well, what's your will?

[*They preſent their bills.*

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my lord.
Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good lord——
Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he prays your ſpeedy payment——
Cap. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants —
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks, and paſt.——
Iſid. Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath: ——
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on, [*Ex. lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither:
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?
Fla. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunity ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd.
[*Exit Tim.*
Fla. Pray, draw near. [*Exit Fla.*

Enter Apemantus, *and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.
Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.
Iſid. A plague upon him, dog.
Var. How doſt, fool?
Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?
Var. I ſpeak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.
Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.
Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poor rogues, and uſurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would, we could ſee you at *Corinth.*

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? how doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Apem. 'Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades.* Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelpt a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home——
You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would, they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I———as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to

to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; ſometimes it appears like a lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near, I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Creditors, Apemantus, *and* Fool.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back:
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelf.

Fla. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, Some forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning? (14)

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my husbandry or falshood;
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept

(14) How goes *our Reckoning?*] Mr. *Warburton* gave me so ingenious a Conjecture on this Passage, that tho' I have not ventur'd, against the Authority of all the Books, to insert it in the Text, I cannot but give it a place here. "This Steward, (says he) methinks, talks very wildly. "His Master, indeed, might well have ask'd, *How goes our Reckoning?* "But the Steward was too well satisfied in this Question: I would read, "therefore,

"Hold good *our Reckoning?*"

If the Text, however, should be without Fault, in this manner it must be expounded. Sir, we have not enough left hardly to satisfy present Demands; and others are drawing on apace: how shall we guard against intervening Dangers, and what a deplorable Reckoning will Things come to at last?

With

With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſie;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt: one cloud of winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Fla. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius*, *Servilius!*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other ſervants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to lord *Lucius*——to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend me to their loves; and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* hum——

Tim.

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the State's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſht——they know not——
Something hath been amiſs——a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity——
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, (15)
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*——pr'ythee, be not ſad,
Thou'rt true, and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate; when he was poor,

(15) Cold moving *Nods*,] All the Editions exhibit theſe as two diſtinct Adjectives, to the Prejudice of the Author's Meaning: but they muſt be join'd by an *Hyphen*, and make a Compound Adjective out of a Subſtantive and a Participle, and then we have the true Senſe of the Place; *cold-moving*, *cold-provoking*, Nods ſo diſcouraging that they chill'd the very Ardour of our petition, and *froze us into ſilence*. We meet with a Compound, exactly form'd like this, in K. *John*, Act. 2. where Lady *Conſtance* ſays;

His Grandam's Wrong, and not his Mother's Shames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving *Pearls from his poor Eyes.*

Impri-

Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Stew. Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it ſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucullus's *Houſe in* Athens.

Flaminius *waiting*, *Enter a ſervant to him.*

SERVANT.

I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon*'s men; a gift, I warrant—— Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply; who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents,

talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — Nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs. And yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a ſervant, with wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerv'd thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the ſervant, who goes out*]——Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (altho' thou comeſt to me) that this is no time to lend mony, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the mony away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee:
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When

When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O! may diſeaſes only work upon't:
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! (16) [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a publick Street.*

Enter Lucius, *with three ſtrangers.*

Luc. WHO, the lord *Timon?* he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for mony.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the Gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and ſuch

(16) But *prolong his hour!*] Mr. *Pope*, in both his Editions, without any Authority or Reaſon aſſign'd, has ſubſtituted *or* inſtead of *but* here: by which the Senſe is infeebled; and the Servant only made to ſay, Let my Maſter's Meat in his Belly, when he comes to be ſick, neither be of Force to expel his Sickneſs, nor to put off the Time of his Death, one hour. Whereas *but* finely exaggerates the Servant's intended Curſe, to this effect: Let Diſeaſes only work upon that Food in him, which my Maſter paid for; let it not prove a Nutriment able to expel the Malady; but on the contrary, the Fewel to his Diſtemper, and the Means of prolonging his Torture!

like

like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have ſweat to ſee his Honour.——My honour'd lord——

[*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my lord hath ſent——

Luc. Ha! What hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little (17) dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am

(17) *That I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of Honour?*] Tho' there is a ſeeming plauſible *Antitheſis*, in the Terms, I am very well aſſur'd, they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *Part* of What? *Honour* is the only Subſtantive that follows in the Sentence; but Men don't purchaſe for Honour, tho' ſometimes they may turn Purchaſers out of Oſtentation. How much is the *Antitheſis* improv'd by the Senſe which my Emendation gives? "That I ſhould be ſo unlucky "to make this Purchaſe, for the Lucre of a little *Dirt*, and undo a great "deal of *Honour!*" This Manner of expreſſing contemptuouſly of *Land*, is very frequent with the Poets. So *Hamlet*, Act 5, ſpeaking of *Oſrick*,

—— *he*

am not able to do —— (the more beaſt, I ſay) —— I was ſending to uſe lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius* ——
True, as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius?*

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit: (18)
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s mony
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s Silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!

—— *he hath much* Land *and fertile*; —— *tis a Chough*; *but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the Poſſeſſion of* Dirt.

So *Beaument* and *Fletcher* in the *Scornful Lady*, Act 1.

—— —— *your Brother's houſe is big enough*; *and, to ſay truth, he has too much* Land; *hang it,* Dirt.

And again, in the 2d Act;

—— —— *Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fee'd thee well*; *take Mony for thy* Dirt.

And the *Elder Brother*, Act. 3d.

Had y' only ſhew'd me Land, *I had deliver'd it,*
And been a proud Man to have parted with it:
'Tis Dirt *and Labour.*

More Authorities would be ſuperfluous.

(18) *Is every Flatterer's* Sport.] This ſenſeleſs Corruption has hitherto run through all the Editions; and, as I ſuppoſe, without Suſpicion.

He

He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to beggars.
3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.
1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted *Timon* in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence,
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: All theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.
Ser. Oh, my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal;
For they have all deny'd him.
Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum.——
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? his friends, like phyſicians, (19)
Thriv'd, give him over? muſt I take the cure

On

(19) ——————*his Friends, like Phyſicians*
Thriv'd, *give him over?*] I have reſtor'd this old Reading, only amended the Pointing which was faulty. Mr. *Pope*, ſuſpecting the Phraſe, has Subſtituted *Three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and ſo diſarm'd the Poet's Satire. Phyſicians *thriv'd* is no more than Phyſicians *grown rich:* Only the Adjective Paſſive of this *Verb*, indeed, is not ſo common in Uſe; and yet it is a familiar Expreſſion, to this day, to ſay, *Such a One is well* thriven *on his Trade.* This very Sarcaſm of our Author is made Uſe of by *Webſter* a Con-

On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
I'd such a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint Reply this Answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he crost'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Contemporary Poet in his *Dutchess* of *Malfy*, the Cloathing only a little varied,

——————————*Physicians thus,*
With their hands full of Mony, *use to* give o'er
Their Patients.

SCENE *changes to* Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other ſervants of* Timon's *creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. WELL met, good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*

Hor. *Lucius*, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one buſineſs does command us all. For mine is mony.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir *Philotas*'s too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him: You muſt conſider that a Prodigal's Courſe Is like the ſun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear: 'Tis deepeſt winter in lord *Timon*'s purſe; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event: Your lord ſends now for mony.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift, For which I wait for mony.

Hor. Againſt my heart.

Luc. How ſtrange it ſhows, *Timon* in this ſhould pay more than he owes! And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels, And ſend for mony for 'em.

Hor.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worſe than ſtealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: what's yours?
Luc. Five thouſand.
Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord *Timon*'s men.
Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignifie ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir——
Var. By your leave, Sir.
Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain mony here, Sir.
Fla. If mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws;
You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly: ——
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.
Fla. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*
Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter, what.——he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help—my lord! my lord.

Enter Timon, *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord!

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em —— cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim.

Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What yours —— and yours?
Var. My lord ——
Cap. My lord ——
Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you.
[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their mony; theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves.
Creditors! —— devils.
Fla. My dear lord,
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo? ——
Fla. My dear lord,
Tim. I'll have it ſo —— My ſteward!
Fla. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly! —— Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*. All. ——
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Fla. O my lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Senate-houſe.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* MY lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compaſſion to the ſenate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.

Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your Virtues:
For Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-ſides, wear them like his rayment, careleſly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord, ——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear,
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battel,
And not endure all threatnings, ſleep upon't,

And

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, ſure, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge;
If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn Raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extreameſt guſt,
But, in defence, ——by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his Service done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I ſay, my lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſworn rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my Deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,

My Honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be:
My lords, I do beſeech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What! ——

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your Dotage, baniſh Uſury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days ſhine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, (not to ſwell our ſpirit,)
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their mony, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I my ſelf,
Rich only in large hurts.——All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into Captains wounds? ha! Baniſhment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as Gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* TIMON's *Houſe.*

Enter divers Senators, at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon That were my thoughts tiring, when we encountred. I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir——here he comes.

Enter Timon *and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both——and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt honourable lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your lordſhip t'other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo————

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make your ſelves prais'd: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty

twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are —— The reſt of your fees, O Gods, the ſenators of Athens, *together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you Gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my friends —— as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: ſmoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee ſlaves, vapors, and minute-jacks, (20)
Of man and beaſt the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er! —— What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt —— thou too —— and thou ——
[*Throwing the diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feaſt,

(20) —— —— —— *and minute Jacks*
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Malady
Cruſt you quite o'er !] I had reform'd the bad Pointing of this Paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and have accordingly rectified it here. In what Senſe could the Senators be call'd *minute Jacks* of *Man* and *Beaſt?* The Poet juſt before calls them *Vapours*; and certainly means to inforce that Image, by ſaying, they were Jacks not of a Minute's Truſt, or Dependance. Then what could the *infinite Malady* ſignify, without ſomething ſubjoin'd to give us a clearer Idea of it? As I point the Paſſage, it plainly means, May the whole Catalogue, the infinite Number of Diſtempers, that have ever invaded either Man or Beaſt, all be join'd to plague you. *Coriolanus* curſes his cowardly Followers, in our Author's Tragedy ſo call'd, in a Manner not much unlike;

All the Contagion *of the* South *light on you,*
You Shames of Rome, *you! Herds of Boils and Plagues*
Plaiſter *you* o'er, *that you may be abhorr'd*
Farther than ſeen! &c.

Whereat

Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn Houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon*'s fury!

3 *Sen.* Pſha! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Without the walls of* Athens.

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,

And

And miniſter in their ſteads: To general filths (21)
Convert o'th' inſtant, green Virginity!
Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives, (22)
And cut your truſters throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet Confuſion live! —— Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, Blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie: breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be meerly poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he ſhall find

(21) *To gen'ral Filths*
Convert o'th' inſtant, &c.] This paſſage was very faulty in the Pointing, till I firſt reform'd it in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* vouchſaf'd to copy my Correction in his laſt Edition.

(22) ——— —— *Bankrupts, hold faſt,*
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters throats.] Thus has this Paſſage hitherto been moſt abſurdly pointed; even by the poetical Editors, Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*. I had reform'd the Pointing; but am, however, to make my Acknowledgements to ſome *anonymous Gentleman*, who by Letter adviſed me to point it as I have done in the Text.

The

Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* TIMON's *Houſe.*

Enter Flavius, *with two or three ſervants.*

1 *Ser.* HEAR you, good maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Ser.* Such a Houſe broke!
So noble a Maſter faln! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?
2 *Ser.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.——More of our fellows.

Enter other ſervants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!
3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.
Fla. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.

Where-

Where-ever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be fellows: ſhake our heads, and ſay,
(As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes)
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*He gives them mony; they embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*
Oh, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends!
Poor honeſt lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow, and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his Steward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Bleſſed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,

To

To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord, (22)
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the Paſture lards the Weather's ſides, (23)
The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His Semblable, yea himſelf, *Timon* diſdains.—
Deſtruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*
Who

(22) *Raiſe me this Beggar and* deny't *that Lord,*] Where is the Senſe and *Engliſh* of *deny't that Lord?* Deny him what? What preceding *Noun* is there, to which the Pronoun *It* is to be refer'd? And it would be abſurd to think the Poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that Lord. The *Antitheſis* muſt be, let Fortune *raiſe* this Beggar, and let her *ſtrip*, and *deſpoil* that Lord of all his Pomp and Ornaments, *&c.* which Senſe is compleated by this ſlight Alteration,

——————. *and* denude *that Lord.* Mr. *Warburton.*

I will beg Leave to add, in Confirmation of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that our Author has contraſted the ſame Thought, only varying the Terms, in his *Venus* and *Adonis*, Stanz. 192.

Pluck down *the Rich*, enrich *the Poor with Treaſures.*

(23) *It is the Paſture lards the* Beggar's *Sides,*] This, as the Editors have order'd it, is an idle Repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, indeed, contain the ſame Sentiment as the foregoing Lines. But *Shakeſpeare* meant a quite different Thing: and having, like a ſenſible Writer, made a ſmart Obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a Similitude thus:

It is the Paſture lards the Weather's *Sides,*
The Want that makes him lean.

And the Similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this Satirical Reflection; there is no more Difference between Man and Man in the Eſteem of ſuperficial or corrupt Judgments, than between a fat Sheep and a lean one. Mr. *Warburton.*

I cannot better praiſe the Sagacity of my Friend's Emendation, than by producing the Reading of the firſt *folio* Edition, (which, I know, he had not ſeen,) where we find it thus exhibited;

It

Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon !—What is here?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?
No, Gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heav'ns ! thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair ; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
You Gods ! why this ? what this ? you Gods ! why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
Pluck ſtout mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions ; bleſs th' accurs'd ;
Make the hoar leproſie ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.——[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum ?
—thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (ſtrong thief)
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there ? ſpeak.
Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

It is the Paſture lards the Brother's *Sides*, &c.
Every knowing Reader will agree, that this Corruption might much more naturally be deriv'd from *Weather*'s, than from *Beggar*'s, as far as the Traces of the Letters are concern'd ; eſpecially, in the old Secretary Handwriting, the univerſal Character in our Author's Time. I will only add, that our Poet, in his *As you like it*, makes a Clown ſay the very ſame Thing in a more ludicrous manner.
That the Property of Rain is to wet, and Fire to burn ; that good Paſture *makes* fat Sheep ; *&c.*

Alc. What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy self a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;——
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;
Then what should War be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon?*

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th'*Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra?*

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth

To th' Tub-faſt, and the diet. (24)

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I'ad rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

(24) *To the* Fubfaſt, *and the Diet.*] One might make a very long and vain Search, yet not be able to meet with this prepoſterous Word *Fubfaſt*, which has notwithſtanding paſs'd currant with all the Editors. The Author is alluding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its effects. At that Time, the Cure of it was perform'd either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial* Unctions: and in both Caſes the Patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt Application the Sweat might be promoted; and leaſt, in the other, he ſhould take Cold, which was fatal. "The Regimen for the Courſe "of *Guaiacum* (ſays Dr. *Friend* in his *Hiſt.* of *Phyſick*, Vol. 2. p. 380.) "was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the Patient "was put into a Dungeon in Order to make him ſweat; and in that "manner, as *Fallopius* expreſſes it, the Bones and the very Man himſelf "was macerated." And as for the *Unction*, it was ſometimes continued for thirty ſeven days; (as he obſerves, p. 375) and during this Time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *Abſtinence* requir'd.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Shakeſpeare himſelf, I remember, in another of his Plays, alludes to the Cuſtom of this *Tub-Diſcipline*.

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act 3. where the Clown is ſpeaking of the Bawd;

Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her Beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the Tub.

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in the *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*;

Priſners of mine, whom I in Diet *keep,*
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub, *that's heated ſmoaking hot,*
There may they find them, &c.

And afterwards, in the ſame Play, ſome of theſe pin'd Priſoners are produc'd, complaining of their *Tub-ſweat*, and *ſpare Diet*. But enough of theſe unſavoury Proofs.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——
Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*
Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy Conqueſt,
And, after, Thee, when thou haſt conquered!
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes, (25)
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,

(25) *That thro' the* Window-barn *bore at Men's Eyes.*] I cannot for my Heart imagine, what Idea our wiſe Editors had of a Virgin's Breaſt thro' a *Window-barn:* which, I am ſatisfied, muſt be a corrupt Reading. In ſhort, the Poet is alluding to the decent Cuſtom in his Time of the Women covering their Necks and Boſom either with *Lawn*, or *Cyprus*; both which being tranſparent, the Poet beautifully calls it the *Window-Lawn*.

Vid. Twelfthnight, *Act* 3.——*to one of your Receiving*
Enough is ſhewn; a Cyprus, *not a Boſom,*
Hides my poor Heart.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* in their Scornful Lady.
Lady. *Pray, put in good Words then.*
El. Love. *The worſt are good enough for ſuch a Trifle, ſuch a proud piece of* Cobweb-Lawn.

B. *Jonſon* in his *Sejanus*, ſpoken by *Agrippina*.
Were all Tiberius' *Body ſtuck with Eyes,*
And ev'ry Wall and Hanging in my Houſe,
Tranſparent *as this* Lawn *I wear.*

And in his *Every Man out of his Humour.*
——*She ſpeaks, as ſhe goes tir'd, in* Cobweb-Lawn, *light, thin:*

And in his *Every Man in his Humour.*
——*and* ſhadow *her Glory as a Milliner's Wife does her wrought* Stomacher *with a ſmoaky* Lawn, *or a black* Cyprus.

Whoſe

Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee!

Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon:* haſt thou more

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. (26) Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
Although, I know, you'll ſwear; terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. Make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill.

(26) *And to make* whore *a Bawd.*] The Power of Gold, indeed, may be ſuppos'd great, that can make a Whore forſake her Trade; but what mighty Difficulty was there in making a Whore turn Bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is deſcribing the mighty Power of Gold. He had before ſhewn, how Gold can perſwade to any Villany; he now ſhews that it has ſtill a greater Force, and can even turn from Vice to the Practice, or, at leaſt, the Semblance of Virtue. We muſt therefore read, to reſtore Senſe to our Author,

And to make whole *a Bawd.* ———

i. e. not only make her quit her Calling, but thereby reſtore her to Reputation. Mr. *Warburton.*

Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——what then?
Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe Title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee [bald,
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The ſource of all erection.——There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more mony, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More whore, more miſchief, firſt; I've given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewel, *Ti-*
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again. [*mon:*

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: ſtrike.

[*Exeunt* Alcibiad. Phryn. *and* Timand.

Tim. That Nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;

With

With all th' abhorred-births below criſp heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion*'s quickning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented —— O, a root —— dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas, (27)
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts,
And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague! ——
Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lye ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Weeds, (28)

(27) *Dry up thy* Marrows, *Veins, and plough-torn Leas.*] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the Uniformity of the Metaphor requires that we ſhould read,

Dry up thy harrow'd *Veins, and* plough-torn *Leas.*

'Tis certain, the Verſe is render'd much more beautiful by this Reading; but as, *unctious Morſels* following, by *Marrows* the Poet might mean what we call the *Fat of the Land*, I have not ventur'd to inſert the Conjecture into the Text.

(28) *Shame not theſe* Woods.] But how did *Timon* any more ſhame the Woods by aſſuming the Character of a Cynick, than *Apemantus* did? The Poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus* ſay, don't diſgrace this *Garb*, which thou haſt only *affected* to aſſume; and to ſeem the Creature thou art not by Nature, but by the Force and Compulſion of Poverty.

By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By That which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my ſelf.

Apem. Thou'ſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou,
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moiſt trees
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'reſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caytiff.

We muſt therefore reſtore,
——— *Shame not theſe* Weeds.
Apemantus in ſeveral other Paſſages of the Scene reproaches him with his Change of Garb.
——— *Why this Spade? this Place?*
This Slave-like Habit?
——— *Do not aſſume my* Likeneſs.
If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold Habit *on*
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Do'ſt it enforcedly: *thou'dſt* Courtier *be,*
Wert thou not Beggar,—— Mr. *Warburton.*

Tim.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't? (29)
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt Courtier be,
Wert thou not Beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives in certain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being:
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſpt; but bred a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To ſuch, as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
The ſugar'd game before thee. But my ſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary,

(29) Tim. *Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.*
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?
Apem. *Ay.*
Tim. *What!* a knave *too?*] Mr. *Warburton* propoſes a Correction here, which, tho it oppoſes the Reading of all the printed Copies, has great Juſtneſs and Propriety in it. He would read;
What! and know't *too?*
The Reaſoning of the Text, as it ſtands in the Books, is, in ſome ſort, concluding backward: or rather making a *Knave*'s and *Villain*'s Office different: which, ſurely, is abſurd. The Correction quite removes the Abſurdity, and gives this ſenſible Rebuke. "What! Do'ſt thou *pleaſe* "thy ſelf in *vexing* me, and at the ſame time *know* it to be the Office "of a *Villain* or *Fool?*"

The

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen.
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor rag,
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thy ſelf. (30)

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where-ly'ſt o'nights, *Timon?*

(30) *Firſt mend* thy *Company,*——] Thus the old Copies; but common Senſe and the whole Tenour of the Context warrant that it ſhould be — *my* Company.—— I obſerve, Mr. *Rowe* in his 8vo Edition of our Poet has likewiſe made this Correction.

Tim.

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o'days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My ſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs

greedineſs would afflict thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. (31) The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would, thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.
A plague on thee! (32)

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

(31) Apem. *Yonder comes a Poet*, &c.] *Apemantus* is ſuppos'd to look out here, and to ſee the *Poet* and *Painter* at a diſtance, as traverſing the Woods in Queſt of *Timon*. This Preparation of Scenary Mr. *Pope* did not conceive; and therefore, I don't know by what Authority, has peremptorily thrown out ſome Part, and tranſpoſed another Part of this and the next Speech to the Place where *Apemantus* goes off. None of the old Books countenance ſuch a Tranſpoſition.

(32) *A Plague on thee!*
Apem. ——*Thou art too bad to curſe.*] In the former Editions, this whole Verſe was placed to *Apemantus:* by which, abſurdly, he was made to curſe *Timon*, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe. In my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd* I gave the former Part of the Hemiſtich to *Timon*, and the latter part to *Apemantus*; as it is now regulated in the Text: and Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, has vouchſaf'd to embrace this Regulation.

Tim.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.
Apem. There is no leproſie but what thou ſpeak'ſt.
Tim. If I name thee. —— I'll beat thee; but I ſhould infect my hands.
Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!
Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I ſwoon to ſee thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldſt burſt!
Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.
Apem. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!
[Apem. *retreats backward, as going.*
I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, *Timon*, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in me at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars!*
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe Bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.
Apem. Would 'twere ſo,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.

Tim.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee. ——

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men —— Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. [*Exit* Apem.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meet. (33) Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots,

Within

(33) —— —— *you want much of* meat.] Thus both the *Player* and *poetical* Editors have given us this Passage; quite *Sand-blind*, as honest *Launcelot* says, to our Author's Meaning. If these poor Thieves wanted *Meat*, what greater Want could they be curs'd with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? But I dare warrant, the Poet wrote;

—— —— *you want much of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*: much of the Qualities *befitting* you as humane Creatures. In the very same manner is the Word used again in *Coriolanus*, speaking of Tribunes being chosen at an *unfit* Time;

—— —— *In a Rebellion,*
When what's not meet, *but what must be, was Law,*
Then were they chosen.

And

Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;
The oaks bear maſts, the briers ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o'th' grape,
'Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
Do villany, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves (34)

The

And in a little Poem of our Author's, call'd, *The Tryal of Love's Conſtancy*, we find him employing the Subſtantive in the like Senſe.

To bitter Sawces did I frame my Feeding;
And ſick of Wellfare, found a kind of Meetneſs
To be diſeas'd ere that there was true Needing.

(34) *The Sea's a Thief, whoſe liquid Surge reſolves*
The Moon *into Salt Tears.*] The *Sea* melting the *Moon* into Tears, is, I believe, a Secret in Philoſophy, which no body but *Shakeſpeare*'s deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another Opinion, which 'tis more reaſonable to believe that our Author may allude to; *viz.* that the Saltneſs of the Sea is cauſed by ſeveral Ranges, or *Mounds* of Roch-Salt under Water, with which *reſolving* Liquid the Sea was impregnated. *Varenius* in his Geography is very copious upon this Argument: After having touch'd upon another Opinion, that the Saline Particles were coeval with the Ocean itſelf, he ſubjoins; *Si ea Cauſa minùs placet, alteram eligemus; nimirùm* ſalſas *iſtas* particulas *à* terrâ *hinc inde* avulſas *eſſe, & in* aquâ diſſolutas. Li. 1. cap. 13. prop. 8. This I think a ſufficient Authority for changing *Moon* into *Mounds:* and I am ſtill the more confirm'd, becauſe Mr. *Warburton*, who did not know I had touch'd the Place, ſent me up the very ſame Correction. Of the Sea thus encroaching upon the

Land,

The Mounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln (35)
From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for what
I give, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery. [trade.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*; (36)

2 *Theif.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

Land, our Author has made Mention more than once in his Works. See 2 Henry IV.

——*ſee the Revolution of the Times*
Make Mountains level; and the Continent,
Weary of ſolid Firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the Sea.

And again, in a Poem of his, call'd, *Injurious Time:*

When I have ſeen the hungry Ocean *gain*
Advantage on the Kingdom of the Shore.

And in a Play, aſcrib'd to him, call'd *Pericles* Prince of *Tyre.* Act 4.

Thetis, *being proud, ſwallow'd ſome Part o'th' Earth.*

It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that in all the Editions of this Play, except one old *Quarto* printed in 1609, the Name of *Thetis* is loſt, and nonſenſically corrupted into theſe two Words:

That is, *being proud,* &c.

(35) ——————*by a* Compoſure *ſtoln*
From gen'ral Excrement:] I have reſtor'd from the old Editions, *Compoſture*; and there is no doubt but that was our Author's Word here. For he is ſpeaking of that artificial Dung, call'd *Compoſt.* So *Haml.* Act 3.

And do not ſpread the Compoſt *on the Weeds,*
To make them ranker.

(36) 1 Thief. *Let us firſt ſee Peace in* Athens; *&c.*] This and the concluding little Speech have in all the Editions been placed to one Speaker: But, as Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly obſerv'd to me, 'tis evident, the latter Words ought to be put in the Mouth of the *firſt* Thief, who is for repenting, and leaving off his Trade.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Woods, and* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

O, you Gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What change of honour desp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wisht to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why dost ask That? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grantest that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.
Fla. An honest servant,——
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Fla. The Gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give
But or through luſt, or laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.——
Let me behold thy face: ſurely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual, ſober Gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man: miſtake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelf: but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
A uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Fla. No, my moſt worthy maſter, (in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and Suſpect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

For

For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich your ſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take; the Gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men. Let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Fla. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that's he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtragling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in *Athens* again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt: Promiſing is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly, and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon *from his cave, unſeen.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thy ſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: it muſt be a perſonating of himſelf; a ſatyr againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may Profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:

Poet. While the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night, (35)
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn——
What a God's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples, than where Swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the Wave, (36)
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave;

To

(35) *While the day ſerves,* &c.] This Couplet in all the Editions is placed to the *Painter,* but, as it is in Rhyme, and a Sequel of the Sentiment begun by the *Poet,* I have made no Scruple to aſcribe it to him.

(36) *'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Bark, and plow'ſt the* Foam,
Settleſt admired Rev'rence in a Slave;] As both the Couplet preceding, and

To thee be Worſhip, and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.
Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon.*
Pain. Our late noble maſter.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends, fal'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, oh abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough ——
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better: (37)
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.
Pain. He, and my ſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.
Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.
Tim. Moſt honeſt men! why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

and following this, are in Rhyme, I am very apt to ſuſpect, the Rhyme is diſmounted here by an accidental Corruption; and therefore have ventur'd to replace *Wave* in the Room of *Foam.*

(37) *Let it go,* naked Men *may ſee't the better* ;] Thus has this Paſſage been ſtupidly pointed thro' all the Editions, as if naked Men could ſee better than Men in their Cloaths. I think verily, if there were any Room to credit the Experiment, ſuch Editors ought to go naked for the Improvement of their Eye-ſights. But, perhaps, they have as little Faith as Judgment in their own Readings. The *Poet,* in the preceeding Speech haranguing on the Ingratitude of *Timon*'s falſe Friends, ſays, he cannot cover the Monſtrouſneſs of it with any Size of Words; to which *Timon,* as I have rectified the Pointing, very aptly replies;

Let it go naked,——Men may ſee't the better.

So, our Poet in his *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*

Why ſeekſt Thou then to cover *with Excuſe*
That, which appears *in proper* Nakedneſs.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. Y'are honeſt men; you've heard, that I have gold;
I'm ſure, you have; ſpeak truth, y' are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt man; thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay——And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs Patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this;——but two in com-
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone, [pany:
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.

If

If where *thou* art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him.*——If *thou* wouldſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an Alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Beating and driving 'em out.*

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Fla. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his Cave:
Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'ſt, burn! ——
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon*,——

Tim. ——Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves, in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;
Which now the publick body, (which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own Fall, reſtraining aid to *Timon*;
And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The Captainſhip: thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus——
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he ſack fair *Athens*,

And

And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* ſpeaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For my ſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindneſs to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades*' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Cloſe,

That

That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his Haſte; (38)
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf——I pray you, do my Greeting.

Fla. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril. (39)

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

(38) ——— *let him take his* Taſte;] I dont know, upon what Authority Mr. *Pope* in both his Editions has given us this Reading; I have reſtor'd the Text from the Old Books, and, I am perſwaded, as the Author wrote. *Timon*'s whole Harangue is copied from this Paſſage of *Plutarch* in the Life of *M. Antony*: "Ye Men of *Athens*, in a Court-yard "belonging to my Houſe grows a large Fig-tree; on which many an "honeſt Citizen has been pleas'd to hang himſelf: Now, as I have "Thoughts of building upon that Spot, I could not omit giving you "this publick Notice; to the End, that if any more among you have a "Mind to make the ſame Uſe of my Tree, they may do it *ſpeedily* before "it is deſtroy'd." And *Rabelais*, who, in the oldeſt *Prologue* to his *fourth* Book, has inſerted this Story from *Plutarch*, thus renders the Cloſe of the Sentence.

——— *Pourtant quiconque de Vous autres, et de toute la ville aura à ſe pendre, s'en* depeſche promptement.

(39) *In our* dead *Peril.*] Thus Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have given us this Paſſage; but is it not ſtrange that the *Athenians* 'Peril ſhould be *dead*, becauſe

SCENE *changes to the Walls of* Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* THOU haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent Approach.
2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*
Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i'th' Cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.
3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.——
The enemies Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all Deſcription this ſhould be the place.

becauſe one of their Hopes was *dead?* Such a Diſappointment muſt naturally give freſh Life and Strength to their Danger. We muſt certainly read with the Old *Folio*'s;

In our dear *Peril.*

i. e. dread, deep. So in *As you like it*;

For my Father hated his Father dearly.

So in *Jul. Cæſ.*

Would it not grieve thee dearer *than thy Death*, &c.

And in *Hamlet*;

Would I had met my deareſt *Foe in Heav'n*, &c.

And in an hundred other paſſages, that might be quoted from our Author.

Who's

Who's here? ſpeak, ho.—— No anſwer? ——
What is this? ——
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan; —
Some beaſt rear'd this; here does not live a man. (40)
Dead, ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our Captain hath in every figure ſkill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe Fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his Powers.*

Alc. SOund to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible Approach.
[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now my ſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your Power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of itſelf, *no more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chairs of eaſe,

(40) *Some Beaſt* read *this: here does not live a Man.*] Some Beaſt *read* what? The Soldier had yet only ſeen the rude Pile of Earth heap'd up for *Timon*'s Grave, and not the *Inſcription* upon it. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly advis'd me to amend the Text, as I have done; and a Paſſage occurs to me, (from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s CUPID'S *Revenge*) that ſeems very ſtrong in Support of his Conjecture:

—— —— *Comfort was never here;*
Here is no Food, nor Beds; nor any Houſe
Built *by a better Architect than* Beaſts.

The Soldier, ſeeking by Order for *Timon*, ſees ſuch an irregular Mole, as he concludes muſt have been the Workmanſhip of ſome Beaſt inhabiting the Woods; and ſuch a Cavity, as either muſt have been ſo over-arch'd, or happen'd by the caſual Falling in of the Ground. This latter Species of Caverns, produced by Nature, *Æſchylus*, I remember, in his *Prometheus*, elegantly calls αὐτόκλιτ' ἄντρα, *ſelf-built Dens.*

And

And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.
1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.
2 *Sen.* So did we woo (41)
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.
1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs (42)
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,
Into

(41) —— —— *So did we wooe*
Transformed Timon *to our City's Love*
By humble Meſſage, and by promis'd means:] *Promis'd Means* muſt import a Supply of Subſtance, the recruiting his ſunk Fortunes; but that is not all, in my Mind, that the Poet would aim at. The Senate had wooed him with humble Meſſage, and Promiſe of general Reparation for their Injuries and Ingratitude. This ſeems included in the ſlight Change which I have made —— *and by promis'd* 'mends: and this Word, *apoſtrophe'd*, or otherwiſe, is uſed in common with *Amends*. So in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*;

Let her be as ſhe is; if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her: an ſhe be not, She has the Mends *in her own hands.*

And ſo *B. Jonſon* in his *Every Man* out of his *Humour:*

Pardon me, gentle Friends, I'll make fair Mends
For my foul Errors paſt.

(42) *Shame, that they wanted Cunning in Exceſs,*
Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e. in other Terms, —— Shame, that they were not the cunning'ſt Men alive, hath been the Cauſe of their Death. For *Cunning in Exceſs* muſt mean this or nothing. O brave Editors! They had heard it ſaid, that too much Wit in ſome Caſes might be dangerous,

Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth:
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion: all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports;
Thoſe enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears

gerous, and why not an abſolute Want of it? But had they the Skill or Courage to remove one perplexing *Comma*, the eaſy and genuine Senſe would immediately ariſe. "Shame in Exceſs (i. e. Extremity of Shame) "that they wanted Cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough not to "baniſh you;) hath broke their Hearts."

With

With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds;
But ſhall be remedied by publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' ſea;
And on the grave-ſtone this Inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lyes a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft: (43)
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gaite.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brains flow, and thoſe our droplets, which

(43) *Here lies a wretched Coarſe,*] This Epitaph the Poet has form'd out of two ſeparate Diſtichs quoted by *Plutarch* in his Life of M. *Antony:* the firſt, ſaid to have been compos'd by *Timon* himſelf; the other is an Epitaph on him made by *Callimachus,* and extant among his Epigrams. The Verſion of the latter, as our Author has tranſmitted it to us, avoids thoſe Blunders which *Leonard Aretine,* the *Latin* Tranſlator of the above quoted *Life* in *Plutarch,* committed in it. I once imagin'd, that *Shakeſpeare* might poſſibly have corrected this Tranſlator's Blunder from his own Acquaintance with the *Greek* Original: but, I find, he has tranſcrib'd the four Lines from an old *Engliſh* Verſion of *Plutarch,* extant in his Time. I have not been able to trace the Time, when this Play of our Author's made its firſt Appearance; but I believe, it was written before the Death of Q. *Elizabeth*; becauſe I take it to be hinted at in a Piece, call'd, *Jack Drum*'s Entertainment; or, The Comedy of *Paſquill* and *Katherine,* play'd by the Children of *Powles,* and printed in 1601.

—— *Come, come, now I'll be as ſociable as* Timon *of* Athens.

From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit (44)
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave.—— On: faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more——Bring me into your City,
And I will uſe the Olive with my Sword; [each
Make War breed Peace; make Peace ſtint War; make
Preſcribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our drums ſtrike. —— [*Exeunt.*

(44) —————— *yet rich Conceit*
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune *weep for aye*
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, *of whoſe Memory*
Hereafter more. ——] All the Editors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have ſuffer'd an unaccountable Abſurdity to paſs them in this Paſſage. Why was *Neptune* to weep on *Timon*'s Faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what Faults had *Timon* committed, except againſt his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life? But the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which I have diſengag'd, and reſtor'd to the true Meaning. *Alcibiades*'s whole Speech, as the Editors might have obſerv'd, is in Breaks, betwixt his Reflections on *Timon*'s Death, and his Addreſſes to the *Athenian* Senators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the Place of *Timon*'s Grave, he bids the Senate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promiſes to uſe them with Mercy. The very ſame Manner of Expreſſion occurs in *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*.

Anto. *Well; what worſt?*
Meſſ. *The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.*
Anto. *When it concerns the Fool or Coward:* —— On; ——
Things, that are paſt, are done with Me. ——

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in Love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a Noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune, and Nephew to* Titus Andronicus.
Sempronius.
Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.
Captain, from Titus's *Camp.*
Æmilius, *a Meſſenger.*
Goths, *and* Romans.
Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, *before the* Capitol *in* ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers, at one door; and* Baſſianus *and his followers, at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the juſtice of my Cauſe with arms:
And Countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born Son of him, that laſt
Wore the imperial Diadem of *Rome:*
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

(1) *Titus Andronicus.*] This is one of thoſe Plays, which I have always thought, with the better Judges, ought not to be acknowledg'd in the Liſt of *Shakeſpeare*'s genuine Pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a Proof to ſtrengthen this Opinion, that may put the Matter out of Queſtion. *Ben Jonſon*

Baſ. *Romans*, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my Right,
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial Seat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let Deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft*, *with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery!
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the *Roman* Empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*;
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook

Jonſon in the Induction to his *Bartlemew*-Fair, (which made its firſt Appearance in the Year 1614) couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in Reputation, and ſpeaks of them as Plays then of 25 or 30 Years ſtanding. Conſequently, *Andronicus* muſt have been on the Stage, before *Shakeſpeare* left *Warwickſhire* to come and reſide in *London*: and I never heard it ſo much as intimated, that he had turn'd his Genius to Stage-Writing, before he aſſociated with the Players, and became one of their Body. However, that he afterwards introduc'd it a-new on the Scene, with the Addition of his own maſterly Touches, is inconteſtable: and thence, I preſume, grew his Title to it. The Diction in general, where he has not taken the Pains to raiſe it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry* VI. The Story, we are to ſuppoſe, merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a Sur-name of pure *Greek* Derivation: *Tamora* is neither mention'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any body elſe that I can find. Nor had *Rome*, in the Time of her Emperours, any Wars with the *Goths*, that I know of: not till after the Tranſlation of the Empire, I mean, to *Byzantium*. And yet the Scene of our Play is laid at *Rome*, and *Saturninus* is elected to the Empire at the *Capitol*.

This

This Cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.——
And now at laſt, laden with Honour's Spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affie
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament;
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my ſelf, my perſon and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes, and Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-houſe.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them,* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *priſoners; ſoldiers, and other attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds! (2)
Loe, as the Bark, that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage;
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his Country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his Return to *Rome*.
Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let *Rome* reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their Anceſtors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx*?

(2) *Hail,* Rome, *victorious in* thy *mourning Weeds*!] Mr. *Warburton* and I concurr'd to ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

——— ——— *in* my *mourning Weeds.*

i. e. *Titus* would ſay; "Thou, *Rome*, art victorious, tho I am a Mourner for thoſe Sons which I have loſt in obtaining that Victory." But I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text; becauſe, on a ſecond Reflexion, *mourning Weeds* may relate to *Rome* for this Reaſon; The Scene opens with *Saturninus* and *Baſſianus* canvaſſing to be elected to the Empire: and conſequently the State might be in Grief for their laſt Emperour juſt deceas'd.

Make

Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*

There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives.
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*, (3)
To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoak?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and Common-weal
Were Piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.

(3) *Sufficeth not, that we are brought to* Rome,
To beautify thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman *Yoak?*] It is evident, as this Paſſage has hitherto been pointed, none of the Editors underſtood the true Meaning. If *Tamora* and her Family *return* captive to *Rome*, they muſt have been before Priſoners of War to the *Romans*: and that is more than what is hinted, or ſuppos'd, any where in the Play. But the Truth is, *return* is not a *Verb* but a *Subſtantive*; and relates to *Titus* and not to *Tamora*: The Regulation I have given the Text, I dare warrant, reſtores the Author's Intention.

To beautify thy Triumphs and Return.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.
Tit. Patient your ſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your ſon is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious, piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus, go to reſt! and we ſurvive
To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame Gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy* (4)
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt;
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire;

(4) *The ſelf-ſame Gods, that arm'd the Queen of* Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian *Tyrant in* his *Tent*, &c.] I read, againſt the Authority of all the Copies, —— *in* her *Tent*; i. e. in the Tent where ſhe and the other *Trojan* Captive Women were kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a Wile had decoy'd *Polymneſtor*, in order to perpetrate her Revenge. This we may learn from EURIPIDES's *Hecuba*; the only Author, that I can at preſent remember, from whom our Writer muſt have glean'd this Circumſtance.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be So, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe: but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy Return to *Rome*.
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days, (5)
In Fame's eternal Date for virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome!*

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:

(5) Lavinia, *live; out-live thy Father's days:*
And *Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praiſe*] Were the Text to be admitted genuine, nothing could be ſo abſurd as for *Titus* to wiſh, his Daughter might *out-live* the *eternal* Date of Fame. This, as my Friend Mr. *Warburton* merrily obſerves, is like the loyal Patriot in the laſt Reign, who wiſh'd, King *George* might reign *for ever*, and the Prince and Princeſs *after him*! I have, by the Change of a ſingle Monoſyllable reſtor'd the Paſſage to a ſenſible and kind Wiſh.

Fair

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all, (6)
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs;
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed Emperor's ſons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be choſe with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yield up Rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In Right and Service of their noble Country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.——

Sat. *Romans*, do me Right.
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not

(6) *Fair Lords, your Fortunes are alike in all.*] This is addreſs'd by the Tribune to all his Brother's Sons, as well *dead* as *alive*. But how could it be then ſaid, that their Fortunes were all *alike?* The Expreſſion ſeems liable to an open Abſurdity. Perhaps, we may reconcile ourſelves to it, thus: "Some of you are return'd ſafe, and with Glory; you, that have "not liv'd to return, ſhare the Glory of your Brethren's Fortune, in hav- "ing dy'd for your Country: And tho you cannot partake in the Joy of "their Triumph; yet ſtill you enjoy a ſafer Triumph, exempt from Chance "and Caſualty."

'Till

'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——
Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your ſuffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe Return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—Long live our Emperor!
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay,—Long live our Emperor *Saturnine!*
[*A long flouriſh, 'till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And for an onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereſs,
Rome's royal Miſtreſs, Miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred *Pantheon* her eſpouſe:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit.

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in ſight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I conſecrate
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honour's Enſigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you priſoner to an Emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me, of the hue [*To* Tamora.
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in *Rome:*
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths.*
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſie.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Baſ. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine. [*Seizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble *Titus*; and reſolv'd withal,
To do my ſelf this Reaſon and this Right.

[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our *Roman* juſtice:
This Prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treaſon, my lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
Baſ. By him, that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* Baſſianus *with* Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you paſs not here. ——
Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in *Rome?* [*He kills him.*
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!
Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo;
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine:
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him, that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a Stale of,
But *Saturnine?* full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud Brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe;
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome.*
Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her Nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt Dames of *Rome*;
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice, Behold

Behold, I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtands,)
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in ſight of heav'n to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. Oh, *Titus*, ſee, oh, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh Tribune, no: no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb;
This Monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but ſoldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,

Repoſe in fame: none baſely ſlain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him:
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
[Titus's *ſons ſpeak.*
Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall? what villain was it ſpake that word?
[Titus's *ſon ſpeaks.*
Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou haſt ſtruck upon my Creſt,
And with theſe boys mine Honour thou haſt wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.
[*The brother and the ſons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my ſoul,——
Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all.——
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*, (7)
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe *Laertes'* ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,

(7) *The* Greeks, *upon Advice, did bury* Ajax,
That ſlew himſelf; ——] As the Author before ſhew'd himſelf acquainted with a Circumſtance glean'd from *Euripides*, we find him there no leſs converſant with the *Ajax* of SOPHOCLES; in which *Ulyſſes* and *Teucer* ſtrenuouſly contend for permiſſion to bury the Body of *Ajax*, tho he had been declar'd an Enemy to the Confederate States of *Greece*.

Be

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe——
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that ev'r I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome*:
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lye thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and ſay*;

No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good Turn ſo far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *at one door. At the other door*, Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Baſ. And you of yours, my lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.

Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,

This

This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*;
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds.
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.

Sat. What, Madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not ſo, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain Suppoſe,
Nor with ſowre looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Leſt then the People and Patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take *Titus*' part;
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone; [*Aſide.*
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life:
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, ſweet Emperor,——come, *Andronicus*——
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe; my Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty, and her; my lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks infuſe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his Majeſty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſter's honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.——
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperor, we muſt all be friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; ſweet-heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's hainous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and, ſure as death, I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feaſt two brides;
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow, an it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the Palace.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top, (8)
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſtring coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills:
So *Tamora.*
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, (9)
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;

(8) *Now climbeth* Tamora Olympus' *top,*
Safe out of Fortune's Shot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunder's Crack, or lightningflaſh;]
The Images here ſeem to be borrow'd from *Claudian*'s Deſcription of the Summit of *Olympus*, in his Poem on *Mallius Theodorus*'s Conſulſhip.

——————*ut altus* Olympi
Vertex, qui ſpatio ventos hiemeſque relinquit,
Perpetuum nullâ temeratus nube ſerenum,
Celſior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, & rauca tonitrua calcat. Mr. *Warburton.*

(9) *Upon her Wit doth* early *Honour wait,*]
I don't know for what Reaſon, or whether by Chance, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* adopted this Reading: I have reſtor'd with all the old Copies, *earthly.*

And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this Queen,
This Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*; — this Queen,
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwrack, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what Storm is this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for-ought thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with Braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs!—theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, Boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the Emp'ror's Palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The Cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.
For ſhame, put up. —— *Chi.*

Chi. Not I, till I have ſheath'd (10)
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,——
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.——
Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why, lords——and think you not, how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's Right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware——and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this Device.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Aar. To atchieve her——how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man? more water glideth by the mill

(10) —— *Not I, till I have ſheath'd*
My Rapier in his Boſom, ——] This Speech, which has been all along given to *Demetrius*, as the next has been to *Chiron*, I have, by the Advice of Mr. *Warburton*, *vice verſâ* given to *Chiron* and *Demetrius*: for it is *Demetrius*, as it appears from the Tenour of the Scene, who had thrown out reproachful Speeches on *Chiron*.

Than wots the miller of; and eaſie it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Tho *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court
With words, fair looks, and liberality? [it
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?
Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tired with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye——and are you ſuch fools (11)
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That Both ſhould ſpeed?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You may perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſte
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*' love;
A ſpeedier courſe than lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn Hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:

(11) —— —— —— *and are you ſuch Fools*
To ſquare for this? —— *Would it offend you then* ——
Chi. *Faith, not me.*
Dem. *Nor me, ſo I were one.*] This is *Verbum ſat ſapienti*, with a Vengeance. The two Brothers ſhew more Sagacity in this Paſſage, than they do throughout the Play beſides; for they make their Anſwer to *Aaron*, without ever ſtaying to hear him propound his Queſtion. But there is no Occaſion for this Spirit of Divination. The Supplement, which I have made, is reſtor'd from the *Old Quarto*, which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated.

The foreſt-walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented Plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villany and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the Houſe of Fame,
The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye;
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three ſons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. THE Hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay.
And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the Court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our *Roman* Hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like Swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a deſart part of the Foreſt.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aāron*, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground:

Under

Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her tongue to day;
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted ſcrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empreſs, *Baſſianus* comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general Hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Sawcy controuller of our private ſteps:
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was *Acteon*'s; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empereſs,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon, that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious Mother,
Why does your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?

Tam.

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nighty owl, or fatal raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtrait fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death,
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*Stabs* Baſ.

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*Stabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. I, come, *Semiramis*;—nay, barbarous *Tamora*; (12)
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:

(12) *I come*, Semiramis, *nay barbarous* Tamora,]
By an Inaccuracy of the Pointing, the Editors have all along made Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. But the Poet's Meaning is this; *Lavinia*, ſeeing her Husband ſtabb'd by the Queen's two Sons, expects and invites the Queen to ſerve her in the ſame kind, and put an End to her Miſeries.

This

This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted Cope ſhe braves your mightineſs; (13)
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?
Chi. And if ſhe do, I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.
Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that ſure;
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman's face——
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word——
Dem. Liſten, fair Madam; let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; ſhe taught it thee.
The milk, thou ſuck'dſt from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou intreat her, ſhew a woman pity.
Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelf a baſtard?
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O, could I find it now)

(13) *And with that painted* Hope *ſhe braves your Mightineſs.*] *Lavinia*, ſay they, ſtands on her Chaſtity, her Nuptial Vow, and Matrimonial Faith; and upon the Merit of ſuch Qualifications braves the Queen. But in what Senſe can theſe Things be call'd a *painted Hope*? What Image, or Idea does this Expreſſion give? The ingenious Mr. *Warburton* furniſh'd me with the Emendation I have inſerted in the Text, *And with that painted Cope*, — *i. e.* this gay Covering: a Figure very pretty and common among the Poets. So we ſay, cloath'd with Virtue: as of other Qualities we ſay, they are uſed as a *Cloak*. Then, *painted* is a very proper Epithet to *Cope*, it being a ſplendid Eccleſiaſtical Veſtment of various Colours. Beſides, *painted* may be here ironically intended; to inſinuate, this Virtue was only pretended in *Lavinia*.

The

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart ſay, no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee for my father's ſake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worſe-than-killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.
No; let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away. For thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav No grace? no woman-hood? ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confuſion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth —— bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons; ſee, that you make her ſure.

Ne'er

Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathſom pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleep.
Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mar. And mine, I promiſe you; wer't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fallen? what ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. O brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.
Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his Brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.
Mar. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?
Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects, more than mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.
Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,

In

In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus'* miſty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus'* grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along, with me;—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora *with Attendants*; Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat.

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus?*
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus *'tis we mean;*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Oh, *Tamora!* was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murther'd *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them ——)
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee, it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?

For

Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murtherers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *raviſh'd*; *her hands cut off*, *and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.

Dem. See, how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.

Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.

Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Chiron.

Enter Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my Niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!
Speak, gentle Niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments, (14)
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in?
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As have thy love! why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſie lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee;
And, leſt thou ſhou'dſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud.——
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But, lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than *Philomel*.
Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;

(14) —— —— *thoſe ſweet Ornaments,*
Whoſe circling Shadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great an Happineſs,
As half *thy Love!*] As *half* her Love? But might they gain any part of her Love? Or would ſhe not conſent to embrace 'em ſo much as with *one* Arm? The Poet had no ſuch Stuff in his Thoughts. My Correction reſtores the true Meaning; that tho Princes languiſh'd to ſleep in her Arms, they could not obtain their Suit, or *have* her Love. The very ſame Corruption has obtain'd in our Author's Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris:*

And looks, as do the Trees by Winter nipt,
Whom Froſt and Cold of Fruit and Leaves half *ſtript.*

For Grammar ſhews, that we muſt likewiſe read here —— have *ſtript.*

He

He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Street in* Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes, ſtay,
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in Honour's lofty bed.
[Andronicus *lieth down, and the judges paſs by him.*
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write

My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears:
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exe.*
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two antient ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all his ſhowers; (15)
In ſummer's drought I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow;
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons blood.

Enter Lucius *with his ſword drawn.*

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death:
And let me ſay, (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead;—
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. ——
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,

(15) *Than Youthful* April *ſhall with all* her *Show'rs*;] This is the Reading of our poetical Editors only; the older Copies have it rightly — *with all* his *Show'rs*. If they had not remember'd *Ovid* in his *Faſti*, lib. IV. ver. 89.

(Aprilem *memorant ab aperto tempore* dictum:
Quem *Venus injectâ vindicat alma manu*.)

They might, at leaſt, have remembred the firſt Rule in their *Propria quæ maribus*, that all *Months* and *Winds* are Maſculines.

Rome

Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, Tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderneſs of Tygers;
Tygers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus, *and* Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to break:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe and look upon her:
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs, in thy father's ſpight? (16)
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy?*
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now, like *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds:

(16) ——— ——— ——— *what accurſed Hand*
Hath made thee handleſs in thy Father's Sight?] But tho' *Lavinia* appear'd handleſs in her Father's Preſence, ſhe was not *made ſo* in his Sight. And if that be the true Reading, it can at beſt bear but this poor Meaning, What curs'd Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, for thy Father to ſee thee in that Condition? The ſlight Alteration, I have given, adds a much more reaſonable Complaint, and aggravates the Sentiment. What curſed Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, only in Deſpight to thy Father, only to encreaſe his Torments?

Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* ſervice are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

Luc. Oh, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone:
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul. ——
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus!* ah, ſon *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears

Stood

Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almoſt wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her huſband.
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
With mirey ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus!* brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I underſtand her ſigns;
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron!*
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the Sun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the Emperor my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing Deſtruction on the enemies Caſque? (17)
Oh, none of Both but are of high deſert:

(17) *Which of your Hands hath not defended* Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battle-axe,
Writing Deſtruction on the Enemies Caſtle?] This is a Paſſage, which ſhows a moſt wonderful Sagacity in our Editors. They could not, ſure, intend an Improvement of the *Art Military*, by teaching us that it was ever a Cuſtom to hew down *Caſtles* with the Battle-Axe. Or could they have a Deſign to tell us, that they wore *Caſtles* formerly on their heads for *defenſive* Armour? There is, indeed, a Paſſage in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, which ſuch Commentators might alledge in Support of ſuch a wiſe Opinion.

——————— *And*, Diomede,
Stand faſt, and wear a Caſtle *on thy Head*, &c.

I ventur'd, ſome time ago, to correct the Paſſage thus;

Writing Deſtruction on the Enemies 'Cask,

i. e. an Helmet; from the *French* Word, *une Caſque*. A broken *k* in the Manuſcript might eaſily be miſtaken for *tl*, and thus a Caſtle was built at once. But as I think it is much more feiſible to ſplit an *Helmet* with a *Battle-axe*, than to cut down a *Caſtle* with it, I ſhall continue to ſtand by my Emendation.

My

My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſom my two Nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.
Mar. My hand ſhall go.
Luc. By heav'n, it ſhall not go.
Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers Both from death.
Mar. And for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhow a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.
Mar. But I will uſe the ax. [*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.
Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo.
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that, you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſie price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,

And

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n ſhall hear our prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.
Mar. Oh! brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy Lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, muſt I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,

But

But ſorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee, thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I controul thy griefs; (18)
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha. ——

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed;
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find Revenge's Cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee, what task I have to do ——
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made;—come, Brother, take a head,

(18) *Ah, now no more will I controul* my *Griefs*;] I read, —— *thy* Griefs. *Marcus* had before perſwaded *Titus* to be temperate and reſtrain the Exceſs of his Sorrows: but now, *ſays he*, that ſo miſerable an Object is preſented to your Sight as a dear Daughter ſo heinouſly abus'd, e'en indulge your Sorrows till they put an End to your miſerable Life.

And

And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble ſiſter,
O, would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been!
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths*, and raiſe a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Titus's Houſe.

A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and young* Lucius, *a Boy.*

Tit. SO, ſo, now ſit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,

Then

Then thus I thump it down.——
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,——
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theam; no talk of hands,——
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint!——O, I will learn thy thought,
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my Aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,

And

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?
Mar. At That that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus*' brother; get thee gone,
I ſee, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But? —— how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting Dolings in the air? (19)
Poor harmleſs fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empreſs' *Moor*; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet ſtill, I think, we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a cole-black *Moor*.
Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;
I'll to thy cloſet, and go read with thee

(19) *And buz lamenting* Doings *in the Air.*] *Lamenting Doings* is a very idle Expreſſion, and conveys no Idea. The Alteration, which I have made, tho' it is but the Addition of a ſingle Letter, is a great Encreaſe to the Senſe: and tho, indeed, there is ſomewhat of a Tautology in the *Epithet* and *Subſtantive* annext to it, yet that's no new Thing with our Author. I remember One of the very ſame kind in his *Locrine*;

And gnaſh your Teeth with dolorous Laments.

Sad

Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Titus's *Houſe*.

Enter young Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter* Titus, *and* Marcus.

BOY.

HELP, grandſire, help; my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, ſee, how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, ſhe did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'ſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through ſorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble Aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did:
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeleſs, perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet Aunt;
And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is, that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?

Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to heav'n ſhe heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is That ſhe toſſes ſo?

Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.

Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*' treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee; ——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by That the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit.

Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet Girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* lord it was durſt do the deed;
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece'* bed?

Mar. Sit down, ſweet neice; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia.*

[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This ſandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius.*

Mar. What, what!——the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator Poli, (20)
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

(20) ——— Magni *Dominator Poli*,
Tàm lentus audis Scelera! tàm lentus vides!] Thus this Quotation has paſs'd thro all the printed Copies, as well thoſe put out by the *Players*, as thoſe by the more learned Editors. The latter of theſe Verſes is copied from the *Hippolytus* of *Seneca*; but the Addreſs to *Jupiter* there, which precedes it, is in theſe Terms ——— *Magne Regnator Deûm*,
Tàm lentus audis Scelera! &c.
Where *Shakeſpeare*, (or whoever elſe was the Author of this Play) met with the Hemiſtich ſubſtituted in the place of *Seneca*'s, I can't pretend to ſay. But were our poetical Editors ſo little acquainted with the Numbers of a common *Iambic*, as to let
——— Mag-| nī *Dŏmĭ-*| *nator* | *Poli*,
paſs them without Suſpicion? Have they ever obſerv'd a *Dactyl* in the Fourth Foot of an *Iambic* Verſe, either in the *Greek* Tragedians, or in *Seneca?* If not, I muſt believe, our Author found this *Hemiſtich* thus:
——Mag-

Mar. Oh calm, thee, gentle lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s Hope,
And ſwear with me, (as, with the woeful peer,
And father, of that chaſte diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece*' rape,)
That we will proſecute (by good advice) (21)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous *Goths*;
And ſee their blood, ere die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league;
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young Huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like *Sybil*'s leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you!

——— ——— ———Mag-| nĕ *Dŏmĭ-*|*nator*|*Poli*,

Thus the 4th Foot is a *Tribrachys*, (and equal in Time to an *Iambic*,) a Licence perpetually taken by all the Tragic Poets.

(21) *That we will proſecute* (*by good Advice*)
Mortal Revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths;
And ſee their Blood, or *die with this Reproach*.] But if they endeavour'd to throw off the Reproach, tho' they fell in the Attempt, they could not be properly ſaid to dye with that Reproach. *Marcus* muſt certainly mean, that they would have Revenge on their Enemies, and ſpill their Blood, rather than they would tamely ſit down, and dye, under ſuch Injuries. For this Reaſon I have corrected the Text,

——— ——— ——— *ere dye with this Reproach.*

And the ſame Emendation I have made on a Paſſage in *Cymbeline*, where it was as abſolutely neceſſary. I am not to learn, that *or* formerly was equivalent to *ere*. —— Or, *before*, *ere*: Gloſſ. *to* Urrey's Chaucer. — Or, *for* ere: *quod etiamnùm in agro* Lincolnienſi *frequentiſſimè uſurpatur*. Skinner *in his* Gloſſary *of* Uncommon Words. — But this Uſage was too obſolete for our *Shakeſpeare*'s Time.

Boy.

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoak of *Rome.*
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful Country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my Houſe:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,
Ay,—marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd ſhield;
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the Heav'ns for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the Son of *Lucius*;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the *Roman* Gods, confound you Both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,

My grandſire, well adviſ'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*

Dem. What's here, a ſcroule, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in *Horace*——right, you have it——
Now, what a thing it is to be an Aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt; th' old man hath found their guilt, (22)
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt awhile.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thouſand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

(22) *Here's no* found *jeaſt*;] But, I think, I may venture to Say, here's no *ſound* Senſe. Doubtleſs, the Poet wrote, *here's no* fond *jeaſt*, i. e. no *idle*, *fooliſh* one; but a Sarcaſm deliberately thrown, and grounded on Reaſon.

Dem.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O That which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good reſt!
What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam: a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, Out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a Hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother. (23)

(23) Chi. *Thou haſt undone our Mother.*
Dem. *And therein, helliſh Dog, thou haſt undone.* ——]
There is no Neceſſity for this Break, had our Editors collated the o[ld]
Quarto.

Aar. Villain, I've done thy Mother.

Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend!

Chi. It ſhall not live.

Aar. It ſhall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.

Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.

Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my Scymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue:
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.

Quarto, and reſtor'd the ſupplemental half Line which I have added from thence. They did not, I dare ſay, ſuppreſs it out of Modeſty. It contains a mode of Expreſſion, which, tho ſomewhat coarſe, is uſed by our Author in other Places.

Clown. *Yonder Man is carried to Priſon.*
Bawd. *Well; What has he* done?
Clown. —— *A Woman.*

Meaſ. *for* Meaſ.

——————— *who, if I*
Had Servants true about me, that bear Eyes
To ſee alike mine Honour, as their Profits,
Their own particular Thrifts, they would do That
Which ſhould undo more Doing. Winter's Tale.

Tell

Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it, how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe;
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By This our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous Hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, " old lad, I am thine own.—
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood, that firſt gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide;
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.
Nur. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my ſelf——
And no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.

Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and your ſelf ——
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid — [*He kills her.*
Week,—week!—ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to th' ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords, ye ſee, I have given her phyſick;
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee, that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. Aaron, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you, that put us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a Street near the Palace.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows*; *and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtræa reliquit—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—
She's gone, ſhe's fled——Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply, you may find her in the ſea,
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land——
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth:
Then, when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you deliver this petition,
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ſhip'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or ſomewhere elſe;
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* ſize;
But metal, *Marcus*, ſteel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And ſith there's no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To ſend down Juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*——
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelf;
Here, boy, to *Pallas*——here, to *Mercury*——
To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*——not to *Saturnine*——
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy; *Marcus*——looſe when I bid:
Of my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſollicited.
Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*
Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh, well ſaid, *Lucius*:
Good boy, in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.
Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou'ſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*' horns.
Mar. This was the ſport, my lord; when *Publius* ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,
And who ſhould find them, but the Empreſs' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he ſhould not chuſe

But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordſhip joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter?*

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he ſays, that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I aſk thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold—mean while here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; ſee, you do it bravely.

Clow.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? come, let me ſee it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant;
And when thou haſt given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empreſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus *ſhot.*

Sat. WHY, lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for th' extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the wilful ſons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenſie, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redreſs.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
Sweet ſcrouls to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome!*
What's this but libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our injuſtice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus*' health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall

Cut

Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts——Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?
Clo. Yea, forſooth, an your Miſterſhip be Emperial.
Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.
Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-Even:
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clow. How much money muſt I have?
Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*
Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know, from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be borne? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter

Enter Æmilius. (24)

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmil. Arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cauſe;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus:*
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*
Theſe tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much:
My ſelf hath often over-heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius'* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not our city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the ſun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings

(24) *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.] Thus the old Books have deſcrib'd this Character: and I believe, I can account for the Formality, from the Ignorance of the Editors. In the Author's Manuſcript, I preſume, 'twas writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they obſerving, that he is immediately call'd *Æmilius*, thought proper to give him his whole Title, and ſo clapp'd in *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius. —— Mr. *Pope* has very critically follow'd them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. If this Gentleman has diſcover'd any *Roman* Family, that had the *Prænomen* of *Nuntius*; it is a Secret, I dare ſay, more than *Cariſius*, *Diomedes Grammaticus*, or the *Faſti Capitolini*, were ever acquainted withal. *Shakeſpeare* meant no more than, Enter *Æmilius* as a *Meſſenger*. This ſort of Character is always diſtinguiſh'd in the *Greek* and *Roman* Plays by the ſingle Title of ἄγγελος, and *Nuntius*.

He

He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of *Rome.*
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep:
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Sat. But he will not intreat his ſon for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embaſſador; [*To* Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. *Æmilius*, do this meſſage honourably;
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Æmil. Your Bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths.*
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully, and plead to him. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Camp, at a ſmall Diſtance from* Rome.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with drum and ſoldiers.*

LUCIUS.

APproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignifie, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'ſt:
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.

Omn. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a luſty *Goth?*

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron, *with his child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I ſtray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery;
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye

Upon

Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
" Peace, tawny ſlave, half me and half thy dam,
" Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
" Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
" Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
" But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
" They never do beget a cole-black calf;
" Peace, villain, peace! (even thus he rates the babe)
" For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*;
" Who, when he knows thou art the Empreſs' babe,
" Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs' eye,
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
Firſt, hang the child that he may ſee it ſprawl,
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder. (25)

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child,

(25) Aar. *Get me a Ladder.* Lucius, *ſave the Child.*] All the printed Editions have given this whole Verſe to *Aaron*. But why ſhould the *Moor* here ask for a Ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his Child ſav'd? Unleſs the Poet is ſuppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that, if they would get him a Ladder, he would reſolutely hang himſelf out of the Way, ſo they would ſpare the Child. But I much rather ſuſpect, there is an old Error in prefixing the Names of the Perſons; and that *Lucius* ought to call for the Ladder, and then *Aaron* very properly entreats of *Lucius* to ſave the Child. I ventur'd to make this Regulation in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*, and Mr. *Pope* has embrac'd it in his laſt Edition.

And bear it from me to the Empereſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

Aar. And if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

Aar. Swear, that he ſhall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God:
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called Conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him;) —— therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee, I will.

Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.

Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious, woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To That which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd *Baſſianus*;
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.

Luc.

Luc. Oh, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou That trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſhed, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh, barb'rous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head; ——
Well; let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two ſons.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing Tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What! can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh!
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious Ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear my ſelf;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor mens cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
" Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in ever-laſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near. ——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome?*

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *diſguis'd.*

Tam. THUS, in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus:*

And

And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at the Study, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou wouldſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora:*
Is not thy Coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
And you the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* Titus *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son:
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the least make them his enemies:

See,

See, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme. (26)

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful houſe;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you repreſent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what ſhall we do?

Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus?*

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand, that have done thee wrong;
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant ſon,

(26) *See, here he comes, and I muſt* play *my Theme.*] Tho this Reading has obtain'd as far back as the firſt Edition in *folio*, — to *play a Theme*, I think, is no juſtifiable Expreſſion, nor one that our Author would have choſe to uſe. The Reading, I have given, has the Authority of the oldeſt *Quarto*'s.

Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her Sons,
The Emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! — 'tis ſad *Titus* calls:

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me: and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What ſay you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curſed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.

Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius,

Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine!*

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons,
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit* Titus.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empress' Sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that ye bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and That more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye say, if I should let you speak?
Villains!—for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You, know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls her ſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad ——.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the Mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings;
And ſee, the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong;
I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave,
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*

The

The trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more Suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a Sun?
Mar. *Rome*'s Emperor, and Nephew, break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome:*
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty lord?
Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die!
[*He kills her.*

Sat.

Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the fleſh, that ſhe her ſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs, my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*He ſtabs* Titus.
Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*;
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let *Rome* her ſelf be Bane unto her ſelf;
And ſhe, whom mighty Kingdoms curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on her ſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our Anceſtor,
[*To* Lucius.
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,

The

The ſtory of that baleful burning Night,
When ſubtile *Greeks* ſurpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy:*
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were, that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears deſpis'd, and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies into the grave.
Laſtly, my ſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t'embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: oh, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;

The

The villain is alive in *Titus'* houſe, (27)
Damn'd as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, *Romans?*
Have we done aught amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual Cloſure of our Houſe:
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor!
Go, go, into old *Titus'* ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death;
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s gracious governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans:* may I govern ſo,

(27) *The Villain is alive in* Titus' *houſe,*
And *as he is, to witneſs this is true.*] The Villain *alive, and as he is,* ſurely, can never be right. The Manuſcript muſt have been obſcure and blindly writ, ſo that the firſt Editors could not make out the Word which I have ventur'd to reſtore. The Epithet, I have replac'd, admirably ſorts with the *Moor*'s Character: and *Lucius* uſes it again, ſpeaking of him at the Concluſion of the Play.

See juſtice done on Aaron *that* damn'd *Moor.*

Beſides, *damn'd as he is* —— is a Mode of Expreſſion familiar with our Author.

So in *Othello:*

O thou foul Thief! where ha'ſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, *thou ha'ſt enchanted her.*

And the ſame Faſhion of expreſſing himſelf he likewiſe uſes in beſtowing Praiſe.

2 *Henry* VI.

But, noble as he is, *look, where he comes.*

To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this Trunk:
Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again——
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping——
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes:
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers

I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſhold's Monument:
As for that heinous tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the State;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteeth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Siton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen, attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lyes in* England; *through the reſt of the Play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

WHEN ſhall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere Set of Sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin.*——
2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls —— anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace at* Foris.

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.
Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood:
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave;
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
King. Oh, valiant Couſin! worthy Gentleman!
Cap. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking ſtorms and direful thunders break; (1)

So

(1) *As whence the Sun* 'gins *his Reflection,*
Shipwracking Storms, and direful Thunders break;] Mr. *Pope* has degraded this Word, *'gins*, againſt the general Authority of the Copies, without any Reaſon aſſign'd for ſo doing; and ſubſtituted, *gives*, in the Room of it. But it will ſoon be obvious, how far our Author's

So from that Spring, whence Comfort ſeem'd to come, (2)
Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

thor's good Obſervation and Knowledge of Nature goes to eſtabliſh his own Reading, *'gins*. For the ſenſe is this;—— "As from the place, "from whence the Sun begins his Courſe, (*viz.* the *Eaſt*,) Shipwrecking "Storms proceed; *&c.*"—— And it is ſo in Fact, that Storms generally come from the *Eaſt*. And it muſt be ſo in Reaſon, becauſe the natural and conſtant Motion of the Ocean is from Eaſt to Weſt: and becauſe the Motion of the Wind has the ſame general Direction. *Præcipua & generalis* [Ventorum] *cauſa eſt ipſe* Sol, *qui igneo ſuo jubare aërem rarefacit & attenuat; imprimis illum, in quem perpendiculares Radios mittit, ſive ſuprà quem hæret. Aër enim rarefactus multo majorem locum poſtulat. Inde fit, ut Aër a Sole impulſus alium vicinum aërem magno impetu protrudat; cumque* Sol *ab* Oriente *in Occidentem circumrotetur, præcipuus* ab eo aëris Impulſus fiet verſus Occidentem.—— *Quia plerumque ab* aëris *per* Solem *rarefactione oritur, qui cùm continuè feratur ab* Oriente *in Occidentem,* majori *quoque* impetu protruditur Aër *ab* Oriente *in Occidentem.* Varenii Geograph. *I.* i. *c.* 14, &c. 20. *prop.* 10. and 15.—— This being ſo, it is no Wonder that Storms ſhould come moſt frequently from that Quarter; or that they ſhould be moſt violent, becauſe here is a Concurrence of the natural Motions of Wind and Wave. This proves clearly, that the true Reading is *'gins*, i. e. begins: for the other Reading does not fix it to *that* Quarter: for the Sun may *give* its Reflection in *any* part of its Courſe above the Horizon; but it can *begin* it only in *One*. Mr. *Warburton.*

(2) *So from that Spring, whence Comfort ſeem'd to come,*
Diſcomfort ſwell'd.] I have not diſturb'd the Text here, as the Senſe does not abſolutely require it; tho Dr. *Thirlby* preſcribes a very ingenious and eaſie Correction:

So from that Spring, whence Comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomforts well'd.

i. e. ſtream'd, flow'd forth: a Word that peculiarly agrees with the Metaphor of a *Spring*. The Original is *Anglo-Saxon* peallian, *ſcaturire*; which very well expreſſes the Diffuſion and Scattering of Water from its Head. CHAUCER has uſed the Word in theſe Acceptations.

For whiché might She no lengir reſtrain
Her Teris, thei ganin ſo up to well.
Troil. & Creſſ. l. iv. v. 709.

I can no more, but here out caſt of all welfare abide the daie of my deth, or els to ſe the ſight that might all my wellynge *Sorowes voide, and of the flode make an Ebbe.* Teſtament *of* Love.

Cap. Yes.
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks, (3)
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help. ——
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.
Len. What haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King!
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*
Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible, (4)
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof, (5)
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing

(3) ——*I muſt report they were*
As Cannons overcharg'd *with double* cracks,] Cannons overcharg'd with Cracks I have no Idea of: My Pointing, I think, gives the eaſie and natural Senſe. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were like Cannons overcharg'd; why? becauſe they redoubled Strokes on the Foe with twice the Fury, and Impetuoſity, as before.

(4) *Norway* himſelf, *with Numbers terrible*,
Aſſiſted by that, &c.] *Norway* himſelf aſſiſted, *&c.* is a Reading we owe to the Editors, not to the Poet. That Energy and Contraſt of Expreſſion are loſt, which my Pointing reſtores. The Senſe is, *Norway*, who was in himſelf terrible by his own Numbers, when aſſiſted by *Cawdor*, became yet more terrible.

(5) *Till that* Bellona's *Bridegroom, lapt in Proof,*
Confronted him with ſelf-Compariſons,

Point

Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disburſed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-iſle
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHERE haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'th' *Tyger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do —— I'll do —— and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

Point againſt point, rebellious *arm 'gainſt arm*,
Curbing his laviſh Spirit.] Here again We are to quarrel with the Tranſpoſition of an innocent Comma; which, however becomes dangerous to Senſe, when in the Hands either of a careleſs or ignorant Editor. Let us ſee who is it that brings this rebellious Arm? Why, it is *Bellona*'s Bridegroom: and who is He, but *Macbeth*. We can never believe, our Author meant any thing like This. My Regulation of the Pointing reſtores the true Meaning; that the loyal *Macbeth* confronted the diſloyal *Cawdor*, arm to arm.

3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ſhip-man's card. ——
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid; (6)
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look, what I have.
2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!
All. The Weïrd ſiſters, hand in hand, (7)
Poſters of the ſea and land,

Thus

(6) *He ſhall live a Man* forbid:] i. e. as under a Curſe, an *Interdiction*. So, afterwards, in this Play;

By his own Interdiction *ſtands* accurs'd.

So, among the *Romans*, an Outlaw's Sentence was *Aquæ & Ignis* interdictio. *i. e.* He was *forbid* the uſe of Water and Fire: which imply'd the Neceſſity of Baniſhment.

(7) *The* weyward *Siſters, hand in hand,*] The *Witches* are here ſpeaking of themſelves; and it is worth an Enquiry why they ſhould ſtile themſelves the *weyward*, or *wayward* Siſters. This Word in its general Acceptation ſignifies, *perverſe, froward, moody, obſtinate, untractable*, &c. and is every where ſo uſed by our *Shakeſpeare*. To content ourſelves with two or three Inſtances;

Fy, fy, how wayward *is this fooliſh Love,*
That, like a teſty Babe, &c.

Two Gent. *of* Verona.

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward *Boy.*

Love's Labour loſt.

And, which is worſe, All you have done
Is but for a wayward *Son.*

Macbeth.

It is improbable, the *Witches* would adopt this Epithet to themſelves, in any of theſe Senſes; and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. When I had the firſt Suſpicion of our Author being

Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! — the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris?* — What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips; —— You ſhould be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,

being corrupt in this place, it brought to my Mind the following Paſſage in CHAUCER's *Troilus* and *Creſſeide*. lib. iii. v. 618.

But O Fortune, executrice of wierdes.

Which Word the Gloſſaries expound to us by *Fates* or Deſtinies. I was ſoon confirm'd in my Suſpicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin*'s *Coſmography*, where he makes a ſhort Recital of the Story of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Theſe Two (ſays He) *travelling together thro' a Foreſt, were met by three Fairies, Witches*, Wierds, *the* Scots *call them*, &c.

I preſently recollected, that this Story muſt be recorded at more Length by *Holingſhead*; with whom I thought it was very probable that our Author had traded for the Materials of his Tragedy: and therefore Confirmation was to be fetch'd from this Fountain. Accordingly, looking into his Hiſtory of *Scotland*, I found the Writer very prolix and expreſs, from *Hector Boethius*, in this remarkable Story; and in p. 170. ſpeaking of theſe Witches, he uſes this Expreſſion.

But afterwards the common Opinion was, that theſe Women were either the weïrd *Siſters, that is, as ye would ſay, the Goddeſſes of* Deſtiny, &c.

Again, a little lower;

The Words of the three weïrd *Siſters alſo, (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto.*

And, in ſeveral other Paragraphs there, this Word is repeated. I believe, by this Time, it is plain beyond a Doubt, that the word *Wayward* has obtain'd in *Macbeth*, where the Witches are ſpoken of, from the Ignorance of the Copyiſts, who were not acquainted with the *Scotch* Term: and that in every Paſſage, where there is any Relation to theſe *Witches* or *Wizards*, my Emendation muſt be embraced, aud we muſt read *weïrd*.

That

That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or That indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble Partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s death, I know, I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how, of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and, to be *King*,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetick Greeting?——ſpeak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal

Melted, as breath, into the wind, ——
Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about? (8)
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the Reaſon priſoner?

Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.

Ban. You ſhall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To th' ſelf ſame tune, and words; who's here?

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads

(8) *Were ſuch Things here, as we do ſpeak about?*
Or have we eaten of the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon priſoner?] The *inſane* Root, *viz.* the Root which makes *inſane*; as in HORACE, *Pallida Mors*; nempè, *quæ facit pallidos.*— This Sentence, I conceive, is not ſo well underſtood, as I would have every part of *Shakeſpeare* be, by his Audience and Readers. So ſoon as the Witches vaniſh from the Sight of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, and leave them in Doubt whether they had really *ſeen* ſuch *Apparitions*, or whether their Eyes were not deceiv'd by ſome Illuſion; *Banquo* immediately ſtarts the Queſtion,

Were ſuch Things here, &c.

I was ſure, from a long Obſervation of *Shakeſpeare*'s Accuracy, that he alluded here to ſome particular Circumſtance in the Hiſtory, which, I hop'd, I ſhould find explain'd in *Holingſhead*. But I found myſelf deceived in this Expectation. This furniſhes a proper Occaſion, therefore, to remark our Author's ſignal Diligence; and Happineſs at applying whatever he met with, that could have any Relation to his Subject. *Hector Boethius*, who gives us an Account of *Sueno*'s Army being intoxicated by a Preparation put upon them by their ſubtle Enemy, informs us; that there is a Plant, which grows in great Quantity in *Scotland*, call'd *Solatrum Amentiale*; that its Berries are purple, or rather black, when full ripe; and have a Quality of laying to Sleep; or of *driving into Madneſs*, if a more than ordinary Quantity of them be taken. This Paſſage of *Boethius*, I dare ſay, our Poet had an Eye to: and, I think, it fairly accounts for his Mention of the *inſane* Root. *Dioſcorides* lib. iv. c. 74: Περὶ Στρύχνου μανικοῦ, attributes the ſame Properties to it. Its *Claſſical* Name, I obſerve, is *Solanum*; but the *Shopmen* agree to call it *Solatrum*. This, prepar'd in Medicine, (as *Theophraſtus* tells us, and *Pliny* from him;) has a peculiar Effect of filling the Patient's Head with *odd Images* and *Fancies*: and particularly That of ſeeing *Spirits*: an Effect, which, I am perſwaded, was no Secret to our Author. *Bochart* and *Salmaſius* have both been copious upon the Deſcription and Qualities of this Plant.

Thy

Thy perſonal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy ſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came Poſt on Poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his Kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal Maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[*To* Angus.
Do you not hope, your children ſhall be Kings?
[*To* Banquo.
When thoſe, that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

The

The inſtruments of Darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you. [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen——
This ſupernatural Solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. —— If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor.*
If good; why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature? preſent feats (9)
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,

(9) ——————————— *preſent* Fears
Are leſs than horrible Imaginings.] *Macbeth*, while he is projecting the Murther, which he afterwards puts in Execution, is thrown into the moſt agonizing Affright at the Proſpect of it: which ſoon recovering from, thus he reaſons on the Nature of his Diſorder. But *Imaginings* are ſo far from being more or leſs than *preſent Fears*, that they are the ſame Things under different Words. *Shakeſpeare* certainly wrote;
——————————— *preſent* Feats
Are leſs than horrible Imaginings,
i, e. When I come to execute this Murther, I ſhall find it much leſs dreadful than my frighted Imagination now preſents it to me. A Conſideration drawn from the Nature of the *Imagination*.
Mr. *Warburton.*
Macbeth, ſpeaking again of this Murther in a ſubſequent Scene, uſes the very ſame Term;
——————*I'm ſettled, and bend up*
Each corp'ral Agent to this terrible Feat.
And it is a Word, elſewhere, very familiar with our Poet. I'll only add, in aid of my Friend's Correction, that we meet with the very ſame Sentiment, which our Poet here advances, in Ovid's *Epiſtles*;
Terror *in his* ipſo major *ſolet eſſe* periclo.
Paris Helenæ. ver. 349.
And it is a Maxim with *Machiavel*, that many Things are more fear'd afar off, than near at hand. *E ſono molte coſe che* diſcoſto *paiono terribili, inſopportabili, ſtrani; & quando tu ti* appreſſi *loro, le rieſcono humane, ſopportabili, domeſtiche. Et però ſi dice, che ſono* maggiori *li* Spaventi *che i* Mali. Mandragola. Atto 3. Sc. 11.

Shakes

Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that Function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may crown me, [*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them ——Let us tow'rd the King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
[*To* Banquo.
(The *Interim* having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *and attendants.*

King. IS execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,

As

As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt Couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before, (10)
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your Highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties (11)
Are to your Throne, and State, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:

(10) *Thou art ſo far before,*
That ſwifteſt Wind *of Recompence is ſlow*
To overtake thee.] Thus the Editions by Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*: whether for any Reaſon, or purely by Chance, I cannot determine. I have choſe the Reading of the more authentick Copies, *Wing*.

We meet with the ſame Metaphor again in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

But his Evaſion, wing'd *thus* ſwift *with Scorn*,
Cannot outfly *our Apprehenſion.*

(11) ——— *and our Duties*
Are to your Throne, and State, Children and Servants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe *towards your Love and Honour.*] This may be Senſe; but, I own, it gives me no very ſatisfactory Idea: And tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, I cannot but embrace in my Mind the Conjecture of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*, who would read;

——— *by doing every thing,*
Fiefs *towards your Love and Honour.*

i. e. We hold our Duties to your Throne, &c. under an Obligation of doing every thing in our Power: as we hold our *Fiefs*, (*feuda*) thoſe Eſtates and Tenures, which we have on the Terms of *Homage* and *Service*.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe Places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland:* which honour muſt,
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only;
But ſigns of Nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. —— Hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Reſt is Labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The Hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland!* —— that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs Kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle, at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *THEY met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weïrd ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comeing on of time, with* hail, King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoycing, by being ignorant of what Greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*——and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
"And That which rather thou doſt fear to do,
"Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden Round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſ.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th'acceſs and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters!
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief.—Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!——

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*! worthy *Cawdor*! [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb.

Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. Oh, never
Shall Sun that morrow ſee!——
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men (12)
May read ſtrange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He, that's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Macbeth's *Caſtle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. THIS Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,

(12) *Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men*
May read ſtrange Matters to beguile the Time.
Look like the Time,] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of all the Copies, to alter the Pointing of this Paſſage: and, I hope, with ſome Certainty. The *Lady* certainly means, that *Macbeth* looks ſo full of Thought and ſolemn Reflection upon the purpos'd Act, that, ſhe fears, People may comment upon the Reaſon of his Gloom: and therefore deſires him, in order to take off and prevent ſuch Comments, to wear a Face of Pleaſure and Entertainment; and look like the Time, the better to deceive the Time. So *Macbeth* ſays, in a ſubſequent Scene;

Away and mock *the* Time *with* faireſt Shew.

So *Macduff* ſays to *Malcolm.*

——*the* Time *you may ſo* hoodwink.

i. e. blind the Eye of Obſervation, and ſo deceive people's Thoughts.

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd Manſionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd Hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our Houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, (ſharp as his ſpur,) hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble Hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly;
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers ſervants with diſhe and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. IF it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all——*Here*, (13)
But *here*, upon this Bank and Shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.——But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions; which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Juſtice
Returns th' Ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd (14)

(13) *But here, upon this Bank and* School *of Time.*] *Bank* and *School*——What a monſtrous Couplement, as Don *Armado* ſays, is here of heterogeneous Ideas! I have ventur'd to amend, which reſtores a Conſonance of Images,

——— *on this Bank and* Shoal *of Time.*

i. e. this *Shallow*, this *narrow Ford* of humane Life, oppoſed to the *great Abyſs* of Eternity. This Word has occurr'd again, before, to us in the Life of King *Henry* VIIIth.

And ſounded all the Depths and Shoals *of Honour.*

(14) ——— *or Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd upon the ſightleſs* Couriers *of the Air.*] But the Cherubin is the *Courier*; ſo that he can't be ſaid to be *hors'd* upon another *Courier*. We muſt read, therefore, *Courſers.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er leaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other——

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſort of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have That,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves; and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know

How

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail?—
Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only; when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?
Macb. I'm ſetled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful Pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a ſervant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at Reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſs, and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weïrd ſiſters:

To

To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs;
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while!
Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exeunt* Banquo,
[*and* Fleance.
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my Drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt——I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing.——
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—— Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With

With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.——Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it——whilſt I threat, he lives——
[*A Bell rings.*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That, which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night——he is about it—
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their Poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?——
Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us——hark!——I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.——Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I'had don't——My husband!
Macb. I've done the deed—— didſt not thou hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady.

Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark!——who lies i'th' ſecond chamber?
Lady. Donalbaine.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd, Murther!
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs them
Again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us! and Amen, the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſtening their fear, I could not ſay, Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murther Sleep; the innocent Sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.——
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the houſe;
Glamis hath murther'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more!
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me? (15)
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking!
[*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be Watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'would, thou couldſt!
[*Exeunt.*

(15) *How is't with me, when ev'ry Noiſe appals me?*] This Reflection is not only drawn from the Truth and Working of Nature; but is ſo expreſt, as that it might have been copied from this Paſſage of SOPHOCLES, which *Stobæus* has quoted in his Chapter upon *Fearfulneſs*;

Απανθ' γὰρ τοι τῷ φοβεμένῳ φοβῆ.
Each noiſe is ſent t' alarm the Man of Fear.

[*Enter*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, (16) that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, (17) here's an *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink eſpecially provoke?

Port.

(16) *Here's an Equivocator——who committed Treaſon enough for God's ſake, &c.*] This Sarcaſm is levell'd at the Jeſuits, who were ſo miſchievous in the Reigns of Q. *Elizabeth* and K. *James* 1ſt. and who then firſt broach'd that damnable Doctrine. Mr. *Warburton.*

(17) *Here's an* Engliſh *Taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a* French *hoſe*:] The Archneſs of this Joak conſiſts in this; That a *French* Hoſe being ſo very ſhort and ſtrait, a Taylor muſt be a perfect Maſter of his Art, who could ſteal any thing out of it. As to the Nature of the *French* hoſe, we have ſeen that in *Henry* VIIIth: our Poet calls them *ſhort-bolſter'd Breeches.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Port.

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand, to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane?*

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The

The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay, the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee—
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'th' building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?——
Len. Mean you his Majeſty?——
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.*—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake!
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell——murther! and treaſon!
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolme!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it ſelf——up, up, and ſee
The great Doom's image——*Malcolme!* *Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
(18) To countenance this horror.——

Bell rings. *Enter Lady* Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,

(18) *To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.]
I have ventur'd to throw out theſe laſt Words, as no part of the Text. *Macduff* had ſaid at the Beginning of his Speech, *Ring out th' Alarum-Bell*; but if the Bell had rung out immediately, not a Word of What he ſays could have been diſtinguiſh'd. *Ring the Bell*, I ſay, was a Marginal Direction in the *Prompter*'s Book for him to order the Bell to be rung, the Minute that *Macduff* ceaſes ſpeaking.

In proof of this, we may obſerve, that the Hemiſtich ending *Macduff*'s Speech, and that beginning Lady *Macbeth's*, make up a compleat Verſe. Now if *Ring the Bell* had been a part of the Text, can we imagine the Poet would have begun the Lady's Speech with a broken Line?

That

That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.
Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.—*O Banquo, Banquo!*

Enter Banquo.

Our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?——
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown and Grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, *and* Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macb. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.——
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here, lay *Duncan*;
His ſilver ſkin laced with his golden blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs look'd like a breach in Nature,
For Ruin's waſteful entrance; there, the murtherers;
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!—— [*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſieze us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So, all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*
Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*
Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,

There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft, that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Outſide of* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. THreeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody ſtage: by th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon, towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) (19)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of the Race,
Turn'd

(19) *And* Duncan's *Horſes, (a Thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) Beauteous and ſwift, the Minions of* their *Race,*]

I am pretty certain, all the Copies have err'd, one after Another, in this Reading: and that I have reſtor'd the true One. The Poet does not mean, that they were the beſt of their Breed; but that they were *excellent Racers*: in which Senſe he very poetically calls them, the *Minions* of the *Race*. This is a Mode of Expreſſion, which he ſeems very fond of. So, before, in this Play.

Like Valour's Minion, *carved out his Paſſage;*

King

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody Deed?
Macd. Thoſe, that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They are ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbaine*, the King's two Sons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the Deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;——
Thriftleſs ambition! that will ravin up
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis moſt like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his Predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, Couſin, I'll to *Fife.*
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there, (adieu;)
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

King John.
Fortune *ſhall cull forth*
Out of One ſide her *happy* Minion.
1*ſt.* Henry. IV.
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, *and her Pride.*
And again;
——*Gentlemen of the Shade*, Minions *of the* Moon.

Roſſe. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Banquo.

THOU haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weïrd women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity;
But that my ſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but, huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my Duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye

For

For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's Council; but
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of That to morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time (20)
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep our ſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

(20) *Let ev'ry Man be Maſter of his Time*
Till ſev'n at night, to make Society
The ſweeter welcome: We will keep our ſelf
Till Supper Time alone.] I am ſurpriz'd, none of the Editors ſhould quarrel with the Pointing. How could ev'ry Man's being Maſter of his own Time till Night, make Society then the ſweeter? for, ſo, every Man might have gone into Company in the mean while, and pall'd himſelf for the Night's Entertainment. My Regulation, I dare warrant, retrieves the Poet's Meaning. "Let every Man (ſays the "King,) be Maſter of his own time till Seven o' Clock: and that I "may have the ſtronger Enjoyment of your Companies then, I'll ab-"ſtain from all Company till Supper-time."

Manent Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us —— To be thus, is nothing; [*Exit ſer.*
But to be ſafely thus. — Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe Being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid,
Antony's was by *Cæſar*. He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then, Prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd:
Put rancours in the veſſel of my Peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings: the Seed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than ſo, come Fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance! —— who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there, 'till we call.
[*Exit ſervant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you

So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt; the inſtruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your Patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,

To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his Being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,
Whom I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives ——

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'th' time,
The moment on't; (for't muſt be done to night, (21)
And ſomething from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a Clearneſs:) and with him,

(To

(21) *for't muſt be done to Night,*
And ſomething from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a Clearneſs;] The latter Branch of this Sentence Mr. *Pope* has ſunk upon Us, in both his Editions, tho' it is authoriz'd by all the preceding Copies. If I may venture to gueſs at the Reaſon of his ſuppreſſing theſe Words, it was becauſe he did not underſtand them: but *Macbeth* means, that the Murtherers muſt in every ſtep remember, he requires not to be ſuſpected of the Fact; to ſtand clear from all Imputations, which might affect him in the Opinions of People. I have frequently obſerv'd, how minutely *Shakeſpeare* is uſed to follow his Hiſtory in little particular Circumſtances. This is One ſignal Inſtance. Let us hear honeſt *Holingſhead* (from whom he has copied this whole Tale) in his Hiſtory of *Scotland* p. 172.—*He willed therefore the ſame* Banquho *with his Son named* Fleance *to come to a Supper that he had prepared for them; which was, indeed, as he had deviſed, preſent Death at the hands of certain Murtherers whom he hired to execute that Deed; appointing them to meet with the ſame* Banquho *and*

(To leave no rubs nor botches in the Work)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his father's) muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve your ſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
[*Exeunt Murtherers.*

It is concluded; — *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to night. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. IS *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be That which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it—(22)
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains

and his Son without the Palace, *as they returned to their Lodgings, and there to ſlea them, ſo that* he would not have his Houſe ſlandered; *but that in time to come he might* clear himſelf, *if Any thing were laid to his Charge upon* Any Suſpicion that might ariſe.

(22) *We have* ſcorch'd *the Snake, not kill'd it,*
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf;] This is a Paſſage, which has all along paſſed

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have ſent to Peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie. —— *Duncan* is in his Grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your gueſts to night.

Macb. So ſhall I, Love; and ſo, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo.*
Preſent him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:

ſed current thro' the Editions, and yet, I dare affirm, is not our Author's Reading. What has a Snake, *cloſing* again, to do with its being *ſcorch'd*? Scorching would never either *ſeparate*, or *dilate*, its Parts; but rather make them inſtantly *contract* and *ſhrivel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well perſwaded, had this Notion in his head; that if you cut a Serpent or Worm aſunder, in ſeveral Pieces, there is ſuch an unctuous Quality in their Blood, that the diſmember'd Parts, being only placed near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the Injury receiv'd. The Application of this Thought is to *Duncan*, the murther'd King, and his ſurviving Sons. *Macbeth* conſiders them ſo much as Members of the Father, that tho' he has cut off the Old Man, he would ſay, he has not entirely kill'd him, but he'll revive again in the Lives of his Sons. Can we doubt therefore but that the Poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd to the Text,

We have ſcotch'd *the Snake, not kill'd it?*

To *ſcotch*, however the Generality of our Dictionaries happen to omit the Word, ſignifies, to *notch*, *ſlaſh*, *hack*, *cut*, with Twigs, Swords, &c. and ſo our Poet more than once has uſed it in his Works.

CORIOLANUS.

He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't: Before Corioli, *he* ſcotch'd *him, and notch'd him, like a Carbonado.*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes: I have yet
Room for ſix Scotches *more.*

I made this Emendation, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to embrace it in his laſt Edition.

Unſafe

Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizors t'our hearts, diſguiſing what they are! —
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.
Lady. But in them, Nature's copy's not eternal.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A Deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the Deed: come, ſeeling Night, (23)
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze.
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze,
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by Ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Park; the Caſtle at a diſtance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* BUT who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*
2 *Mur.*

(23) ——————— *come,* ſealing *Night,*
Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful day;] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope,* neither of them were aware of the Poet's Metaphor here, and ſo have blunder'd the Text into Nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd from the old Copies,
——————— *come,* ſeeling *Night,*
i. e.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our Miſtruſt, ſince he delivers (24)
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.
Banquo within. Give us light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' Palace-gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They aſſault* Banquo.
Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

i. e. *blinding*. It is a Term in *Falconry*, when they run a thread thro' the Eyelids of a Hawk firſt taken, ſo that ſhe may ſee very little, or not at all, to make her the better endure the Hood. This they call, *ſeeling* a Hawk.

(24) *He needs not* to *miſtruſt*, ——] Mr. *Pope* has here ſophiſticated the Text, for want of underſtanding it. I can eaſily ſee, that he conceiv'd This to be the Meaning; that *Macbeth* had no Occaſion to miſtruſt the Murtherers he had employ'd, and plant another upon them. But the Text in the Old Copies ſtands thus,

He needs not our *Miſtruſt* ——

Macbeth had agreed with the two Murtherers, and appoints a *Third* to aſſiſt them. The *Two* are Somewhat jealous of him at firſt, but finding that he was So particular and preciſe in his Directions, that he knew every part of their Commiſſion, they agree, that there is no need to miſtruſt him, and ſo bid him ſtand with them.

Thou

Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the ſon
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Room of State in the Caſtle.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, ſit down:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſs keeps her State, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i'th' midſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round——There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murtherer, aſide, at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

Macb.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe? ——
Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown ſerpent lyes: the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear 't our ſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making;
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit?
Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent, ——
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!)
Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*
Len. Here's a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake

Thy

Thy goary locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep ſeat.
The Fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?
[*To* Macb. *aſide.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very Painting of your fear; [*aſide.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf! ——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there!
Behold! look! loe! how ſay you?
[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I! if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too. ——
If Charnel-houſes and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe, that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him. ——

Lady. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gen'ral weal; (25)
Ay, and ſince too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,

(25) *Ere humane Statute purg'd the* gentle *Weal.*] Thus all the Editions: but Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly adviſ'd, as I have reform'd the Text, gen'ral Weal: "And it is a very fine *Periphraſis* (ſays He) to ſignify, *ere* "*civil Societies were inſtituted.* For the early Murthers, recorded in "Scripture, are here alluded to: and *Macbeth*'s apologizing for Murther "from the Antiquity of the Example is very natural."

That,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget. ——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange Infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, Love and Health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full ——
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee! (26)
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach Thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the Deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!

(26) *Avaunt, and quit my Sight! Let the* Earth hide thee!] i. e. As thou art a dead Thing, the Earth, thy Grave, ought to overwhelm and cover thee from humane Sight. Thus *Io* (in the *Prometheus* chain'd, by *Æſchylus*) in her Frenzy fanſying that ſhe ſaw the Apparition of *Argus*, complains that the Earth does not hide him tho dead.

Οὐ γὰρ κατθανόντα γαῖα κεύθει.

Unreal

Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, ſo,——being gone,
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again: pray you, ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
Meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold ſuch ſights;
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and
worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night.
Stand not upon the Order of your Going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!
Lady. Good night, to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they ſay; blood will have
blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, that underſtood relations, have (27)

(27) *Augurs, that underſtood Relations, have*
By Magpies, and by Choughs, and Rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt Man of Blood.] *Conſcience*, as we may learn from *Plutarch*, has ſometimes ſupply'd the Office of *Augury* in this Point. One *Beſſus*, he tells us, who had a long Time before murther'd his Father, going to ſup at a Friend's Houſe, ſuddenly with his Spear pull'd down a Swallow's Neſt, and kill'd all the Young Ones. The Company enquiring into the Reaſon of his Cruelty, *Don't you hear*, ſays he, *how they falſely accuſe me of having kill'd my Father?* Vid. *Plutarchum* de *Serâ Numinis Vindictâ*. As remarkable a Story is recorded by him, in another Tract, upon which the *Greeks* founded their Proverb, Αἱ Ἴβυκος γέρανοι. *Ibycus* the Poet being ſurpriz'd by Robbers in a Deſart, as they were about to kill him, call'd out to a Flock of Cranes, that flew over his Head, to bear Witneſs of his Murther. Theſe Murtherers ſometime afterwards ſitting in the Theatre, and ſeeing a Flight of Cranes, ſaid in Triumph to

By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a Thane of them, but in his houſe (28)
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weïrd ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good.
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the Seaſon of all Nature's Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf abuſe

to one another; *Behold*, Ibycus's *Avengers*! The Words being overheard, the Robbers were apprehended, rack'd upon Suſpicion, and brought to a Confeſſion of the Murther. And thus, as *Auſonius* ſays,

Ibycus *ut periit*, vindex *fuit altivolans Grus.*

Monſieur. *Le Fevre*, in his Lives of the *Greek* Poets, has concluded with remarking on *Ibycus*, that as he liv'd a *Poet*, ſo he dy'd a *Prophet*.

(28) *There is not* One *of them*,] Thus the modern Editors. But, *One* of *Whom? Macbeth* has juſt ſaid, thathe heard, *Macduff* meant to diſobey his Summons: and he would immediately ſubjoin, that there is not a Man of *Macduff*'s Quality in the Kingdom, but He has a Spy under his Roof. This is underſtood, not expreſs'd, as the Text as yet has ſtood. The old *Folio*'s give us the Paſſage thus;

There's not a one *of them*———

Here we again meet with a deprav'd Reading; but it is ſuch a One, as, I am perſwaded, has led me to the Poet's true Word and Meaning.

There's not a Thane *of them*,

i. e. a Nobleman: and ſo the Peers of *Scotland* were all call'd, till Earls were created by *Malcolme* the Son of *Duncan*. The Etymology of the Word is to be found in *Spelman*'s *Saxon* Gloſſary, *Wormius*'s *Daniſh* Hiſtory, *Caſaubon* de Linguâ *Saxonicâ*, &c. And my Emendation, I conceive, is ſufficiently confirm'd by what *Holingſhead*, from whom our Author has extracted ſo many Particulars of Hiſtory, expreſſly ſays in proof of this Circumſtance. *For* Macbeth *had in every* Nobleman's Houſe *one ſly Fellow or other, in* ſee *with him; to reveal All that was ſaid or done, within the ſame: by which Slight he oppreſs'd the moſt part of the* Nobles *of his Realm.*

Is

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in Deed. (29) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Wit.* WHY, how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reaſon, Beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your Charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' Air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.

(29) *We're yet but young* indeed.] If we tranſpoſe theſe Words, we ſhall find, they amount to no more than This, *We are yet* indeed *but young*. But this is far from comprizing either the Poet's, or *Macbeth*'s, Meaning. I read, —— *in Deed*, i. e. but little inur'd yet to Acts of Blood and Cruelty: for Time and Practice harden Villains in their Taade, who are timorous till ſo harden'd. So *Macbeth* ſays before;

Things bad begun ſtrengthen *themſelves in* Ill.

So, afterwards,

Direneſs, familiar *to my ſlaught'rous Thoughts*,
Cannot *once* ſtart me.

So in 3d. *Henr.* VI.

Made impudent *with* uſe *of* evil Deeds.

Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And That, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, Security
Is mortals chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.
1 *Wit.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again.
[*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to a chamber.*

Enter Lenox, *and another Lord.*

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry, he was dead:——
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As, and't pleaſe heav'n, he ſhall not;) they ſhould find
What

What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?
Lord. The Son of *Duncan*, (30)
From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* Court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report

(30) *The* Sons *of* Duncan

From whom this Tyrant holds the Due of Birth] I have ſet right this Paſſage againſt the Authority of our unobſerving Editors. And the Proofs of my Emendation are obvious. In the firſt place, *Macbeth* could not be ſaid to hold the Due of Birth from Both *Duncan*'s Sons. The Succeſſion to the Crown was the Right of *Malcolm*; and *Donalbaine* could have no Right to it, as long as his Elder Brother or any of his Iſſue were in Being. In the next place, the Sons of *Duncan* did not Both ſhelter in the *Engliſh* Court. Upon the Diſcovery of their Father's Murther, we find them thus determining.

Malc.——————*I'll to* England.
Donal. *To* Ireland *I*; *our* ſeparated Fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer.——

This Determination, tis plain, they immediately put into Act, or *Macbeth* had very ill Intelligence:

We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In England *and in* Ireland.

Nor were they together, even at the Time when *Malcolm* diſputed his Right with *Macbeth*.

Who knows, if Donalbaine *be with his Brother?*
Len. *For certain, Sir, he* is not.

Beſides, *Hector Boethius* and *Holingſhead* (the latter of whom our Author preciſely follows;) both inform us, that *Donalbaine* remain'd in *Ireland* till the Death of *Malcolm* and his Queen; and then, indeed, he came over, invaded *Scotland*, and wreſted the Crown from One of his Nephews.

Hath ſo exſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.
Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*
Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, " you'll rue the time,
" That clogs me with this anſwer.
Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift Bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd. (31)
3 *Witch.* *Harper* crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

(31) Thrice *and once the Hedge-pig whin'd.*] I have ventur'd, againſt the Concurrence of the Copies to read, *twice* and *once*: becauſe, as *Virgil* has remark'd, *Numero Deus impare gaudet*: and *three* and *nine* are the Numbers us'd in all Inchantments, and magical Operations.

[*They*

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*:
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron.
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains.

And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of Nature's Germins tumble all together, (32)
Even till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,

(32) ——— *tho' the Treaſure*
Of Nature's germains *tumble all together*,]
Thus all the printed Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *Germains* by *Kindred*: but I have already prov'd in a Note upon K. *Lear*, that we muſt read, Germins, i. e. Seeds.

Or

Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:

All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes. (33)

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*—diſmiſs me——enough.
[*Deſcends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

(33) Apparition *of an* armed Head *riſes.*——Apparition *of a* bloody Child.——Apparition *of a* Child crown'd, *with a* Tree *in his hand.*] I was at a Loſs, why this particular *Apparatus* and *Furniture* was employ'd to theſe three Apparitions. I propos'd the Queſtion to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*, and he gave me the following Solution. "Did "our Author only uſe it for Show, we ſhould not, I think, quarrel with "him for it. But on Examination you will find, that the *Inſignia* of theſe "three Ghoſts exactly anſwer to their Speeches. The firſt bids *Macbeth* be-"ware of *Macduff*; this is therefore an *armed Head*, the Emblem of Cau-"tion, and Circumſpection. The Second Ghoſt encourages him to perſiſt "in his bloody Courſes; for None of Woman born ſhould harm him. "This Ghoſt has therefore the Figure of a *bloody Child*: inſinuating, that "the Height of Barbarity is the Murther of Children. The Third Ghoſt "tells him, He ſhould never be vanquiſh'd till *Birnam* Wood remov'd from "its Situation: and conformably to the Subject of its Speech, It has a "*Branch* in its hand and is *crown'd*; inſinuating, that He ſhould wear the "Crown till *Birnam*-wood remov'd."

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute ; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff* : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of Fate ; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes ;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunders.*

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of Sovereignty ?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are :
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet boadments ! good !
Rebellious Head riſe never, till the wood (34)
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*

Shall

(34) *Rebellious* Dead, *riſe never till the Wood*
Of Birnam *riſe*, &c.] Thus all the Impreſſions, from the very Beginning, exhibit this Paſſage : but I cannot imagine what Notion the Editors could have of the *Dead* being *rebellious*. It looks to me, as if they were content to believe the Poet genuine, wherever he was myſterious beyond being underſtood. The Emendation of one Letter gives us clear Senſe, and the very Thing which *Macbeth* ſhould be ſuppos'd to ſay here. We muſt reſtore

Rebellious Head *riſe never*,———

i. e. Let Rebellion never make Head againſt me, till a Foreſt move, and I ſhall reign long enough in Safety. *Shakeſpeare* very frequently uſes this Term to this Purpoſe ; of which I'll ſubjoin a few Examples.

1 *Henr.* IV.

———Douglas *and the* Engliſh *Rebels met*,
Th' Eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury ;

A

Shall live the leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom!——Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your Art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curſe fall on you! let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo; *the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.* (35)

Macbeth. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down! Thy

A mighty and a fearful Head *they are.*
2 Henr. IV.
For his Diviſions, as the Times do brawl,
Are in three Heads; *one Pow'r againſt the* French, &c.
Again, in the 1ſt. *Henr.* IV.
We were inforc'd for Safety's Sake to fly
Out of your Sight, and raiſe this preſent Head.
Henr. VIII.
My noble Father, Henry *of* Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd Head againſt uſurping *Richard.*
Coriolanus.
When Tarquin *made a* Head *for* Rome, *he fought*
Beyond the mark of others.
&c. &c. &c.

(35) *Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a Glaſs in his hand.*] The Editors could not help blundering even in this Stage-Direction. For tis not *Banquo*, who brings the Glaſs; as is evident from the following Speech:

And yet the Eighth *appears, who* bears *a* Glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more:——and Some *I ſee,*
That twofold Balls, *and* treble Scepters *carry.*

I have quoted the laſt Line, becauſe it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that this fine Play, tis probable, was not writ till after Q. *Elizabeth*'s Death. Theſe Apparitions, tho very properly ſhewn with Regard to *Macbeth*, yet are more artfully ſo, when we conſider the Addreſs of the Poet in complimenting

Thy Crown do's ſear mine eye-balls.—And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the firſt——
A third is like the former—filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?—A fourth?—Start eye!
What! will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of Doom?—
Another yet?—A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.
Horrible ſight! nay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your antick round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The witches dance and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

plimenting K. *James* I. here upon his uniting *Scotland* to *England*: and when we conſider too, that the Family of the *Stuarts* are ſaid to be the direct Deſcendants from *Banquo*.

Macduff

Macduff is fled to *England.*

Macb. Fled to *England?*

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The Caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Macduff's *Caſtle at* Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My Deareſt Couſin,
I pray you, ſchool your ſelf; but for your husband,
He's

He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean, and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! Thou'dſt never fear the net, nor
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [lime:

Son. Why ſhould I, Mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your Saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet, i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one, that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I'd done no harm? —— what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son.

Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you. [*Exit L.* Macduff, *crying Murther*; *Murtherers purſue her.*

SCENE *changes to the King of* England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. LET us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but ſomething (36)
You may deſerve of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil

(36) ——— *I'm young, but ſomething*
You may diſcern *of him through me*, &c.] If the whole Tenour of the Context could not have convinced our blind Editors, that we ought to read *deſerve* inſtead of *diſcern*, (as I have corrected in the Text,) yet *Macduff*'s Anſwer, ſure, might have given them ſome Light, ——*I am not treacherous*. There is another Paſſage, in which *vice verſâ* the ſame Error has been committed upon the other Word:
K. Lear. (Old 4to in 1608)
——— *an Eye* deſerving
Thine Honour from thy Suff'ring. ———
where the Senſe evidently demands, *diſcerning*.

In

In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I've loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children?
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? —— I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Baſis ſure, [wrongs,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our Country ſinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of ev'ry ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my Voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my Deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And Fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing Dames enough; there cannot be
That Vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that, were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root (37)
Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
The

(37) ——— *grows with more pernicious Root*
*Than Summer-*ſeeming *Luſt.*] Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in obſerving, that *Summer-ſeeming* has no Manner of Senſe: We therefore both corrected conjecturally,

Than

The Sword of our ſlain Kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none ; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude ;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!*——

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak :
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern ?
No, not to live. Oh, nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred !
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again ?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King ; the Queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh, fare thee well !
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,

Than Summer-teeming *Luſt.*

i. e. the Paſſion, which laſts no longer than the *Heat* of Life, and which goes off in the *Winter* of Age. Beſides, the Metaphor is much more juſt by our Emendation ; for Summer is the Seaſon in which Weeds get Strength, grow rank, and dilate themſelves.

2 Henry VI.

——————— *Now 'tis the* Spring,
And Weeds *are* ſhallow-rooted ; *ſuffer them now,*
And they'll o'ergrow the Garden.

The ſame Image our Author in another Paſſage conveys by an equivalent Epithet, *ſummer-ſwelling.*

2 *Gent.* of *Verona.*
Diſdain to root *the* ſummer-ſwelling *Flow'r,*
And make rough Winter everlaſtingly.

Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. Macduff, this noble Paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe-ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his Cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his Touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*
Mal. I thank you, Doctor.
Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;

A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſollicits heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken, (38)
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My country man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle Couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor Country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems

(38) ——————— *and tis ſpoken,*
To the ſucceeding Royalty *he leaves*
The healing Benediction.] Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me upon this Paſſage, that as, it muſt be own'd, *Shakeſpeare* is often guilty of moſt ſtrange Abſurdities; ſo, on the other hand, in this Inſtance he has artfully avoided One. He had a Mind to hint, that the Cure of the *Evil* was to deſcend to the Succeſſors in the Royal Line. But the *Confeſſor* was the Firſt, who pretended to this *Gift:* How then could it be at that Time generally ſpoken of, that the *Gift* was to be, *hereditary?*—— This he has ſolv'd by inſinuating, that *Edward* had a heavenly Gift of *Prophecy*; by which He was inform'd, the Cure ſhould remain in his Poſterity. 'Tis certain, he was reſolv'd to throw in the Tradition as a Compliment to K. *James* I. who was very fond of practiſing this *Superſtition*; and, I doubt not, had great Faith in the *Sanctity* of his Hand upon this Occaſion.

A modern ecſtaſie: the dead-man's Knell
Is there ſcarce ask'd, for whom: and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well. ——
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too. ——
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No; they were well at Peace, when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath (39)
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe.

(39) —— *gracious* England *hath*
Lent us good Siward, *and ten thouſand Men.*] This *Siward* was Earl of *Northumberland*; and an approv'd old Soldier. But it was not for this Reaſon alone, probably, that *Edward* the Confeſſor appointed him his General againſt *Macbeth:* but becauſe the Earl, by his Daughter, was nearly link'd with *Malcolme*'s Family. We find *Malcolme* afterwards calling him Uncle. It may not be diſpleaſing to the curious if I ſubjoin a Pedigree, which will at one View ſhew *Siward*'s Relation to *Malcolme*, and *Macbeth*'s to the *Scotch* Crown.

Malcolme

Roſſe. 'Would, I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where Hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral Cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt Sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too! ———
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I've ſaid.

Malcome II.
had two Daughters

Beatrice, who married *Crinen*; by whom She had *Duncan*; who, marrying *Siward*'s Daughter, by her He had *Malcolm Cammoir*.

and *Doada*, who married *Sinel* Earl of *Glamis*; by whom She had *Macbeth*.

So that *Duncan* and *Macbeth* were Siſters' Children: and *Siward* was *Malcolme*'s Grandfather by the Mother's Side.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge, (40)
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. —— All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell Slaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!

(40) *Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,*
To cure this deadly Grief.

Macd. *He has no Children.*——] This may appear at firſt Sight very abrupt, and foreign to the Sentiment we muſt ſuppoſe the *Speaker* then agitated with. But, on Examination, we ſhall have Reaſon to confeſs it an Inſtance of our Author's great Knowledge of Nature. Old *Hobbes* has obſerv'd, that we always think in a Chain, and that our Ideas are concatenated one with another. We ſhall find this Obſervation very true in the Inſtance before us. *Macduff*'s Thoughts are all employ'd now on Revenge: He firſt conſiders the Manner of it: and, in his firſt Tranſports, nothing appears ſo ſuitable as Retaliation: but this brings him to reflect, that he can't have it here, for that *Macbeth* had no Children: on which he breaks out into this ſorrowful Reflection. Mr. *Warburton.*

We muſt, indeed, acknowledge this Sentiment to have its Source from the Reflection of an intended Revenge; or from an other Reflection purely of Tenderneſs, that if *Macbeth* had had any Children, he could not have been capable of ſuch a Barbarity on *Macduff*'s Offspring.

So *Conſtantia*, in K. *John*, when *Pandulfe* would comfort her for the Loſs of her Son, cries;

He talks to me, that never had a Son!

And ſo Queen *Margaret*, (in 3 Henry VI.) when her Son is ſtabb'd in her Preſence, thus exclaims againſt his Murtherers.

You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,
The Thought of them would have ſtir'd up Remorſe.

Cut

Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it, ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo, you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damned ſpot; out, I ſay —— one; two; why then, 'tis time to do't —— hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —— yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean? —— no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you marr all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows, what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ——

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale —— I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their Secrets.
More needs ſhe the Divine, than the Phyſician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo, good night.
My mind ſhe'as mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Field, with a Wood at diſtance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. THE *Engliſh* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff.*
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes (41)
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

Excite

(41) —— —— —— *for their dear Cauſe*
Would to the bleeding and the grim Alarm
Excite *the* mortified *Man.*] i. e. the Man, who had abandon'd himſelf to Deſpair, who had no Spirit or Reſolution left. So *Caius Ligarius* replies to *Brutus*;

Soul

Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam*-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the Gentry; there is *Siward*'s ſon, (42)
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay, he's mad: others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd Cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.

——————— *Soul of* Rome,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou, like an Exorciſt, ha'ſt conjur'd up
My mortified *Spirit.* Jul. Cæſar.

(42) ——————— *there is* Siward's *Son,*
And many unruff'd *Youths, that even now*
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.] This *unruff'd* is a tacit Sophiſtication put upon us by Mr. *Pope*, in his extraordinary Sagacity; implying, that *Malcolm* had many Soldiers in his Ranks too young to wear a *Ruffe*. This happy Conſtruction might ſeduce One into an Error, who was not acquainted with that Gentleman's Spirit of Criticiſm. 'Tis true, the old Editions read —— *unruffe* Youths; and our great *Orbilius* did not diſcern that this was the antiquated way of ſpelling, *unrough*, i. e. ſmooth-chin'd, *imberbis*. And our Author particularly delights in this Mode of Expreſſion. To ſubjoin a few Inſtances;

——————— *a twelvemonth and a day,*
I'll mark no Words that ſmoothfac'd *Wooers ſay.*
Love's Labour loſt.

Now, Jove, *in his next Commodity of* Hair, *ſend thee a* Beard!
Twelfth-night.

——————— *or who knows,*
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar *have not ſent*
His pow'rful Mandate to you. Anto. *and* Cleop.

For who is he, whoſe Chin *is but* enrich'd
With one appearing hair,—— Henry V.

——————— *Till newborn Chins*
Be rough *and* razorable. Tempeſt.

When with his Amazonian Chin *he drove*
The briſtled Lips *before him.* Coriolanus.

This unhair'd *Saucineſs, and* boyiſh *Troops*
The King does ſmile at. K. John.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the ſickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make me our March towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Caſtle of* DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. BRING me no more Reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
'Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born of woman,
'Shall e'er have power upon thee. —— Then fly falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* Epicures. (43)

The

(43) —— *Fly, falſe Thanes;*
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures.] I thought this Paſſage might deſerve a Note, if it were only to excuſe our Author from any Imputation of throwing a Slur on the *Engliſh* of his own Times, for Gluttony and Epicuriſm. He had no ſuch Intention; but artfully throws in a Satyrical Reflection in which he is countenanc'd by Hiſtory. The Fact is this.

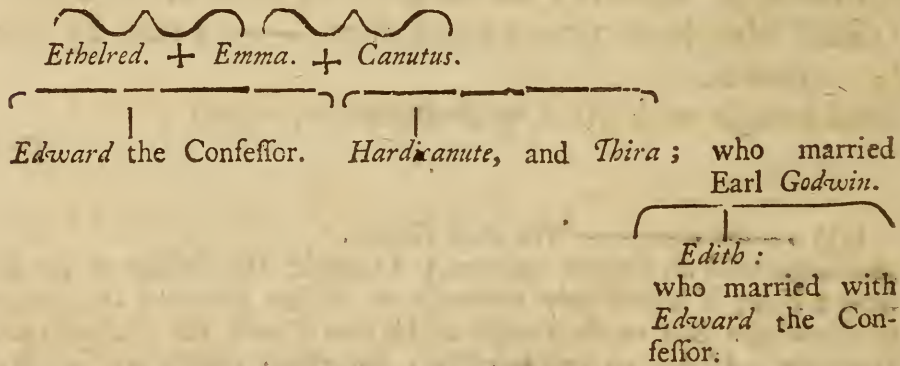
Har-

The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?
Ser. There are ten thouſand ——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, Sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?
Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence —— *Seyton!* —— I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold —— *Seyton*, I ſay! —— this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.

Hardicanute, (or *Canutus* III.) the *Dane*, a Contemporary of *Macbeth*, and who reign'd *here* juſt before the Uſurpation of the latter in *Scotland*, was a Prince of a courteous and liberal Nature; but, withal, ſuch a Lover of good Cheer, that he would have his Table cover'd four times a day, and largely furniſh'd. So that the *Engliſhmen* were ſaid to have learn'd from him exceſſive Gluttony in Diet, and Intemperance in Drinking. He reign'd barely two Years, and was ſucceeded by *Edward* the *Confeſſor*. Now as *Edward* ſent a Force againſt *Scotland*, *Macbeth* malevolently is made to charge this temperate Prince (in his Subjects,) with the Riots of his Predeceſſor. And the Inſinuation may ſeem to bear the harder, becauſe *Hardicanute* and *Edward* were allied by a double Tye of Affinity. It may pleaſe ſome Readers, if I ſubjoin a ſhort Sketch of their Pedigree and Relation to one another.



So that *Edward* and *Hardicanute* were Brothers by the Mother; and *Edward* married *Hardicanute*'s own Siſter's Daughter.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life (44)
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but, in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton, ——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh be hackt;
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirre the country round;
Hang thoſe, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her Reſt.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſome of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it—

(44) —— —— —— *My* way *of Life*
Is faln into the Sear:] i. e. The Progreſs of my Life. So, in a Fragment of *Menander*;
—— —— —— ἐπὶ γήρως ὁδῷ.
Tho, I am aware, that ſome Commentators have thought, ὁδῷ by a poetical Licence, and with Regard to the Meaſure, is put for ὀδῷ. *ſcil.* upon the *Threſhold* of Old Age.

Come, put my armour on; give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out —— Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —
Come, Sir, diſpatch —— If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my Land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health;
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay ——
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence! hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal Preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam*-foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.
Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Birnam *Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Siward, Macduff, Siward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COUSINS, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the Revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue Strokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE *changes to the Caſtle of* DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. HANG out our banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, *they come:* our Caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that Cry?
Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;

And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools (45)
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a Tale,
Told, by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My gracious lord,
I ſhould report That which, I ſay, I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

(45) *And all our yeſterdays have lighted Fools*
The way to ſtudy *death.*——] This Reading is as old as the 2d Edition in *folio*; but, ſurely, it is paying too great a Compliment to the Capacities of Fools. It would much better ſort with the Character of wiſe Men, to ſtudy how to die from the Experience of paſt Times. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the firſt *Folio*, which Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of his Text.

The way to duſty *Death.*

i. e. Death, which reduces us to Duſt and Aſhes. Μετωνυμία *effecti* pro *efficiente*. Or, perhaps, the Poet might have wrote;

The way to dusky *Death.*

i. e. dark; a Word very familiar with him.

My ſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For Smoak and dusky *Vapours of the Night*:
1 Henr. VI.

Here dyes the dusky *Torch of* Mortimer.
Ibid.

And when the dusky *Sky began to rob*, &c.
2 Henr. VI.

Untimely ſmother'd in their dusky *Graves.*
Rich. III.

Macb.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much. ——
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. " Fear not, 'till *Birnam*-wood
" Do come to *Dunſinane*,"— and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, do's appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun; (46)
And wiſh, the ſtate o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt, we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *before* Dunſinane.

Enter Malcolme, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. NOW, near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well:
Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [breath,
Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

(46) *I'gin to be a weary of the Sun;*
And wiſh, &c.] *Macbeth* ſeems here exactly in the Circumſtance of *Dido* in *Virgil.* He knows his Fate; and his Misfortunes ſit ſo heavy upon him, that he is weary of being longer in the World.
Tùm vero infælix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cœli Convexa tueri,
Æneid. IV.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. What's he,
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred Tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*Fight, and young* Siward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;——
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be—
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolme *and* Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord, the Caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,

And

And little is to do.
Mal. We've met with foes,
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy Charm!
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue, that tells me ſo!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward.
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
'Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet:
And to be baited with the rabble's Curſe.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries, hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolme, Siward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends, we miſs, were ſave arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his prow'ſs confirm'd, (47)
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead? [ſorrow
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

(47) *The which no ſooner had his Proweſs confirm'd,*
In the unſhrinking Station *where he* fought,
But like a Man, he dy'd.] The Reſolution, with which young *Siward* is deſcrib'd to have dy'd, ſeems very much a Copy of *Cataline* and his deſperate Aſſociates Behaviour, in a much worſe Cauſe. *Nam ferè*, quem *quiſque* vivus pugnando locum *ceperat*, eum *amiſſâ animâ* corpore *tegebat.* Saluſt.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore.
So, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where
Th' Uſurper's curſed head ; the time is free : [ſtands
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds :
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of *Scotland !*

All. Hail, King of *Scotland !* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen ;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life ;) this, and what needful elſe (48)

(48) ——— *This, and what needful elſe*
That calls upon Us, by the Grace of Heaven.] This is a Reading only of Mr. *Pope* ; for all the Copies, that I have ſeen, read ;
——— *by the Grace of* Grace.
It is an Expreſſion our Author is fond of : and ſo he often ſtyles the Divinity himſelf, as well as his Attribute.
Whilſt I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the Grace *that with ſuch* Grace *hath bleſt them.*
2 Gent. *of* Vero.
Hop'ſt thou my Cure ?
Hel. *The greateſt* Grace *lending* Grace, *&c.*
All's Well, *&c.*
In the like Manner he loves to redouble other Words :
And ſpight *of* Spight *needs muſt I reſt awhile,*
3 Henr. VI.
Now, for the Love *of* Love *and his ſoft hours,*
Anto. *and* Cleop,
&c. &c,

That

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone.*

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.